THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CRIMINAL JEALOUSY

Of United States Minister Patrick Egan Roundly Rebuked by Three Leading Irish American Papers.

What the "Irish World," Boston "Pilot," and "New South" Have to Say About Recent Slanders.

Barking at Minister Egan.

[*Irish World, September 12.*]

The culmination of the revolution in Chili has furnished a long looked for opportunity to the factions and interests op opposed to the appointment of Patrick Egan as United States minister to the great maritime republic. As those factions and interests were opposed to his appointment, they were determined to cast discredit upon his administration, so that it was certain from the beginning that his every word and act would be criticized, and distorted, if possible to his disadvantage.

Behind those factions and most powerful of those interests, stood the British government, which would, as it has ever done, oppose the influence of any American minister because of its vast commercial interests in Chili, which are endangered by the development of closer relations with the United States, but which had a special enmity against the man who had for a quarter of a century stood guard over the rights of Ireland; had been the trusted custodian of the funds raised to relieve the victims of British misrule, and had exposed and proven to the world the systematic subornation of perjury and forgery employed to perpetuate that misgovernment. All the resources of pro British toadyism, anti-Irish prejudice, and anti Catholic intolerance were brought into service and taxed to their utmost not to maintain American interests in Chili; not to secure, through closer commercial relations, any legitimate gains for American commerce over the monopoly so long held and jealously watched by England; not to seek to effect a peaceful arbitration of the troubles distracting that republic on lines consistent with the genius of American institutions, but simply, solely, and regardless of all else, to "down Egan," and secure his recall.

To accomplish that purpose, Minister Egan was accused, without a shadow of foundation for the accusations, of being "too intimate" with the accredited minister of the United States. He was held to be to blame because this government did not depart from its long established policy in regard to changes of government by force of arms in sister American republics. He was denounced because in the heat of armed hostilities, when men in imminent peril of their lives were appealing to him for protection, and telegraphic communication was cut off, that he did not leave American interests and political refugees to their fate, and turn the embassy into a news agency for the benefit of enterprising newspapers anxious to issue "extras." The very fact of his being faithful to his high trust as the representative of this government, was made the basis for the charge that he had a personal interest in carrying out his instructions, and vague rumors of mysterious contracts with Balmaceda, impossible as they were absurd, were circulated with a recklessness of determination to ruin.

But the *Irish World* has never for an instant doubted the ultimate and complete vindication of Minister Egan. We publish in another column an interview with him from the unfriendly but enterprising paper, the *Herald*. It reflects in every sentence the confidence of conscious integrity and the firmness of one accustomed to the ...anks of the enemies of his race and his ... country. His action in the trying ... Santiago has been officially ap... by the department of state. The ... n the court of last resort have ...ed their recognition of his dignified ...ependent and humane course in ... out the instructions of this gov..., and have opened cordial com...ications with him, with a view to the ...ion of the obligations attending ...sfer of power in their relations to ...n interests and the future rela... the two countries.

...ave not been unmindful of the un... and injudicious haste with which ... our contemporaries, from whom ...ected better things, accepted as... for evidence against the repre...e of the government occupying a ...fficult position, and their forget... of the long established policy of ...intry, and the necessity for dignity ...icious reserve in the affairs of state. ...l not say that it is suggestive of a ...prejudice long waiting for an op...ity to give a treacherous blow, but ...ontent ourselves with recording ...ur firm conviction that the admin...n of Minister Egan throughout the ...f the revolution in Chili, will be ...ted by its results, and will, when ...ts are known, reflect credit upon ... ...e policy of the state department and the integrity of its representative at Santiago.

Why Is Mr. Egan Attacked?

[*Catholic New South, Sept. 12.*]

Why is Mr. Egan so viciously attacked? Is it because he is a Republican and an appointee of President Harrison? Or is it because he is alleged to have been friendly to Balmaceda, the legitimate head of the government to which he was accredited? Assuredly not. He might have been criticized, as other Republican appointees have been, for reasons like the above, but never in the brutal and vindictive manner which we have quoted. Let us, then, look for the real cause of this sinister antagonism. It is because Patrick Egan is an Irishman and a Catholic, as well as an American citizen, that he is so diabolically scored by men who dearly love the Irish vote, but have no further use for the men who cast it.

Is Minister Egan incompetent to creditably discharge the duties of the high position which he fills? No one has as yet charged that he is. He is a man of culture and refinement; highly educated, thoroughly trained in the school of statecraft long ere he became a citizen of America. For years he was a leader in Irish politics and recognized by England as one of the most astute and able leaders in the ranks of brilliant and brainy men. Honored and beloved by his countrymen, respected and feared by his English opponents, Patrick Egan was a noble type of Ireland's best, bravest and most patriotic sons in the darkest days of her memorable struggle for self-legislation. Disheartened by the gloomy aspect of his country's hopes, like many others, he came to the new world to enjoy the blessings of that freedom that was denied him at home. He became a citizen and invested his wealth in American enterprises. President Harrison recognized him as a prominent Irish American, a man of ability and scholarly attainments, a man eminently qualified for discharging the duties of a high office, and he accordingly appointed him minister to Chili. There may have been other citizens of Irish birth or descent that were better entitled to the honor conferred than Egan, but that does not enter into the question. There was a long and loud howl from the thinly-veneered Irish-loving but really Know-nothing editors of the country at the time of Egan's appointment, but as their wrath was of no avail, after awhile they wisely concealed their chagrin and bided their opportunity. It came with the Chilian rebellion, the victory of the Congressionalists and the downfall of Balmaceda. Egan had not been heard from in several weeks, and reports came from London, sent by England's Chilian correspondents, that Egan was friendly to Balmaceda's government and opposed to Senor Monte. Why should he not have been friendly to the head of thy government to which he was accredited? Had Egan any right to aid the insurgents or express a hope for their success? Certainly not; even after the defeat of Balmaceda he was vested with no authority to recognize the new provisional government until so instructed by Blaine or the president.

The charge that he was interested with Balmaceda in the nitrate beds or mines had no foundation, and has been promptly refuted by him. During the fierce struggle he was conducting himself in an impartial manner and looking after the interests of American citizens, protecting their lives and property.

He was antagonized by English representatives in Chili because he was hated by the English government, and also because he insisted on the retention of bullion that was about to be shipped to England until the claims of American citizens against the Chilian government were recognized and paid. English enmity followed Egan to Chili as it has followed many other brave Irishmen to various parts of the world because they had struggled for Irish independence.

Detrimental reports of Egan were daily cabled to this country from London, and the Democratic press gave them wide circulation. In due time and through the proper channel Egan informed his government of the actual state of affairs in Chili, and he was instructed to recognize the insurgent provisional government.

Authentic reports from Chili state that he was kindly received by the new government, and that the most friendly relations have been established. This is irrefutable proof of the falsity of the charges made against him.

Minister Egan and His Critics.

[*Boston Pilot (Democratic), Sept. 12.*]

The latest and most authentic advices from Chili fully justify the conduct of Minister Egan in the delicate and difficult task which he has had to perform. Leaders of the Congressist party, as well as partisans of Balmaceda, unite in testifying to the tact and humanity displayed by him throughout a most critical period.

The New York *Herald's* correspondent writes:

"Senor Edwardo Matte, one of the foremost of the opposition leaders, said: 'Tell the *Herald* that when the time comes I stand ready to vouch for Minister Egan's behavior in every way. He is a gentle man, honorable and loyal to the country of his adoption.'

"American residents in Santiago and Valparaiso affirm the views expressed by Senor Matte, while regretting Mr. Egan's selection as Minister to Chili from an American standpoint.

"Wm. McKenna and Senor Ybanez, ex-Chilian minister to the United States, both Balmaceda's supporters, deny positively that Mr. Egan had any connection what ever with any nitrate scheme.

"They say that he used all his influence with Balmaceda to bring about peace and establish reforms.

"Both McKenna and Ybanez charge that Col. North, the English nitrate king, was the cause of the revolution, and that he used Senator Zegers as his agent.

"They say that the balance sheet of the Nitrate Railroad company will show that $700,000 was given for legal expenses in Chili. As a matter of fact this money was spent in bribes for legislation in favor of Col. North.

"President Montt, of the Junta, and his cabinet received Minister Egan with great kindness on learning the truth about his conduct from Senor Matte and others in Santiago."

An absurd story was published last week, to the effect that Mr. Egan submitted to Balmaceda's wishes because the latter had threatened, in the event of refusal, to deliver him up to a British man of war. Now, Mr. Egan, as everybody knows, is an Irishman, who came to America to escape British tyranny. The English government would be glad enough to get hold of him as an Irish refugee, but the British authorities are not fools, and they know that the person of an American minister is as safe on a British man of war, or, for that matter, in the street of London, as on American soil. Hence the supposed threat is a childish fabrication. Mr. Egan is the last man in the world, moreover, to have been deterred by it, did it involve a real instead of an imaginary danger. The story, like many others, is a concoction of his enemies in America.

Who are they? The British and pro-British element, which latter includes, we are sorry to say, many so called Democrats. They opposed Mr. Egan's appointment from the first; they have criticized and slandered him ever since. The English have never forgiven him for exposing the infamous *Times* Pigott conspiracy. The Anglomaniacs cannot pardon him, an Irishman born, for having cast his lot with the Republican party.

Now, we regard the Democratic party with the affection and loyalty which are its due as the consistent friend of Irish-Americans when the latter had few friends indeed. We know it is the party of true American principles, the party of the People always. All the more, therefore, it cannot afford to be the party of dictation which says to any man: "You are of this or that race or birth; therefore you 'belong' to this or that party." Mr. Egan had a perfect right to be a Republican if he chose. We pity his judgment in so choosing; but that is distinctly his own affair. The Democrat or Mugwump who presumes to question that right is a fool, and something worse.

Minister Egan, so far as the evidence goes, has done his whole duty, and done it wisely and well. The administration would commit a greivous mistake in recalling him for having followed the strict line of his orders in recognizing only the government to which he was accredited. If the administration choose to do so well and good. It is not for us to deplore a blunder at which its enemies here and in England would heartily rejoice.

Delegates Elected.

At a meeting of the Clan-na Gael Guards held at their armory, No. 50 State street, on Wednesday evening, the following delegates were elected to the convention of the Irish National League of America: Capt. L. R. Buckley, William O'Brien, John Burke, Jeremiah Monahan, Richard Black. The company decided by a unanimous vote to participate in the parade at the unveiling of the Grant monument.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Irish Columbian Club.

The second ball and reception of the Irish Columbian Club will be given at Brand's parlors, Clark and Erie street, on Friday evening, Oct. 2. Invitations will be positively required at the door. The officers of the club are: P. G. Smyth, president; George W. Nolan, vice president; James J. Trant, treasurer; J. F. Ryan, recording secretary, and T. J. Masterson, financial secretary.

An Irish Panorama.

Prof. P. H. Gratton's "Panoramic Mirror of Ireland"—one of the most artistic representations of the old land ever produced in America—will be exhibited under the auspices of Division No. 3, Ancient Order of Hibernians, at Schoenhofen's Hall, Milwaukee and Ashland avenues, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 23 and 24. Tickets 25 cents. No one who loves the noble scenery of Ireland should miss this opportunity of enjoyment.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

Hall's Hair Renewer eradicates and prevents the formation of dandruff, thickens the growth, and beautifies the hair as no other preparation will.

Dr. D. P. Murphy was returned unopposed as coroner for the northern district of Wexford.

CHARLES LEVER.

Graphic Sketch of the Dashing and Gifted Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke of Ours," and "Davenport Dunn."

The Son of an Englishman, He was More Irish in Character and in Genius Than Many of the Irish Themselves.

[*Dublin Evening Telegraph.*]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

After receiving his appointment he became, of course, less solicitous about literary gains, and slightly modified his ceaseless toil. How he managed to write so much and so well, with his professional duties and his undoubted love of pleasure, is simply marvelous. The only explanation can be that he wrote at lightning speed, and never altered or corrected his manuscript. It has been frequently pointed out that a decided change came over his style after this date, and that all his later works show increasing seriousness and sobriety. The change, however, is not so very marked. Before many years had passed he was again in the thick of the writing. His wanderings on the continent had supplied him with material for many volumes, and were to furnish him with fuel enough for many other efforts. In 1861 appeared "One of Them" and 'A Day's Ride," and in the following year "The Barringtons," while "Gerald Fitzgerald," a story of his which ran through the *Dublin University Magazine*, and the only one by him which has never been reprinted, also belongs to this time. 1864 saw the publication of his pseudonymous work, "Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women and other things in general," a collection of witty and wise papers which contained an attack on Cook, the Excursionist, which was rather uncalled for and provoked a reply from the aggrieved caterer. Lever had been a Tory in politics all his life apparently, and it is not a little surprising to hear that one of the O'Dowd papers was rejected by *Blackwood's Magazine*, for which they were written, because it

ADVOCATED HOME RULE.

The late Rev. Joseph Galbraith was provided with the proofs of this article by the author himself. "Luttrell of Arran," "Young Butler," "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke," "Paul Gosslett's Confessions," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "That Boy of Norcott's," "Lord Kilgobbin," and (if it be indeed his work) "A Rent in a Cloud," complete the list of his novels. It cannot be denied that sentiment is the prevailing characteristic of his latest works, but the humor of "A Day's Ride," "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke," and "Lord Kilgobbin," is an effective answer to those who fancy that he altogether ceased his merriment towards the end of his life. "Lord Kilgobbin" was his last book, and yet many consider it deserves a high place among his novels. It is not a tumultuous production, like his earlier attempts, but a thoughtful and reasonable work, pleasant but subdued. In 1867 he was transferred from Spezzia to Trieste, and in this latter place he died at the end of May, 1872. Just before his death, he managed to visit Dublin for the last time, as he knew, and never enjoyed himself more, perhaps, than in the short holiday he spent there. The decease of his admirable wife preyed on his mind, it is clear, and as she only died a little while before him, it is not too much to say that he would have lived longer if she had. With all his faults, and most of them were trivial, he was primed with excellent qualities. His kindness, generosity, and general lovableness are evident from the deep esteem in which he was held. It is doubtful if he had an enemy—certainly if he had it was not his fault. I might have dilated on his numerous acts of devotion and tenderness to the weak and suffering, if there were any necessity for it, but as nobody doubts his goodness of heart, there is no need. I will merely record the fact that he left a daughter behind him—Sydney Lever, still living—who inherited some of his ability, and has written some excellent prose and verse, and proceed to deal with the various characteristics of his genius, as displayed in his most representative novels.

Someone has said that there are forty good stories in the world, and thirty nine of them cannot be told to ladies. The dogmatist who made the assertion must have

EXISTED BEFORE LEVER'S TIME,

or he would hardly have committed himself to such a statement, for in Lever's novels alone are to be found that number—all good, and mostly unexceptionable from the moral point of view. It is true they are not new, but are simply recollections of the novelist, who moved in society which was noted for its conviviality and story telling powers, and many a critic has visited the luckless retailer of them with his severest condemnation, as though everything one hears is to be avoided by the novelist, who would also be denied the use of his eyes by some hypercritics. Edgar Allan Poe savagely attacked "Charles O'Malley" on account of the many good stories which Lever adapted for it. Whatever may have been the number of Lever's exact depredations of this nature, it is a gross exaggeration to say or to hint that he was unable to invent for himself. His numerous novels each give the lie to the suggestion, for the powers of exhaustless invention which he possessed are conspicuously shown, and one can only wonder at the almost unique faculty of keeping up to his usual high level displayed all through his works. So far as his plots are concerned, he is decidedly open to criticism, for they are almost all of a similar kind, and there is little variety in them. In fact, they are hardly plots at all, his military novels being generally a series of panoramic views of battlefield and messroom devilry and revelry, while his other tales, though perhaps a little more kaleidoscopic in their variety of character, are not much less incoherent. W. D. Howells, the American novelist, however, says there are only twenty-six plots possible, and they have long been used up, the rest being merely variations on the old themes. If that be true, which is not all improbable, Lever might fairly be excused for observing the fact, and for saying to himself: "What is the use of trying to devise a new plot, when there are none? Here goes for bustling scenes and chapters of adventure."

He painted life in alternate dark and high patches in his more exciting novels, and teaches us how Irishmen, with the gallantry of his Charles O'Malley, Tom Burke, Maurice Tierney, and the others, may overcome all obstacles, no matter how formidable, and mount to the most exalted positions. This is the wild exaggeration that Englishmen talk of, whereas every Irishman knows that the prowess of the heroes of fiction has been often put in the shade by their compatriots in all quarters of the globe. That is not the improbability that Irishmen object to—it is the seizing on originals and rarities like Corney Delaney, Kerry O'Leary, and their counterparts, and presenting them as

AVERAGE IRISH TENANTS.

Even Mickey Free has much to answer for, and Phiz, who has given a distinct kind of face to reckless Irishmen of Mickey's stamp which accords well with his *nom-de guerre*, deserves little credit for his portraiture of these whimsical people, having out heroded Lever's word-pictures. The extraordinary native often seen disporting on the wrapper of a cheap Irish (?) song book, brandishing a club in one hand and a whisky bottle in the other, is simply a badly printed edition of the comic Irishman drawn by Phiz. Tipperary Joe is more like an Irish peasant I venture to say, than any other character of Lever's, and it is his most beautiful type; yet Lever makes him a bit of a "natural" or an "innocent!" The novel in which Tipperary Joe appears, "Jack Hinton," along with Bob Mahon and Corney Delaney, Father Tom Loftus, and Mr. and Mrs. Rooney, is very likely Lever's finest work, despite manifest shortcomings. But the choosing of his best novel is difficult and quite a matter of taste, which will naturally prevent unanimity on the point, as there is much to admire in nearly everything he wrote. Cæsar Hayman his intimate friend, thought Arthur O'Leary his crowning achievement, with which opinion few will agree. It is a sober and dignified work, rather tame, indeed, in comparison with his better known productions, but many of the episodes are excellent, like the story of Engelheim in one style, and the account of the trick played on mine host by a certain regiment in another, which will be found in the 29th and 30th chapters. If these and similar stories are ancient, as Poe declared, they could not have been properly told before, and thus escaped general notice. Lever was an indefatigable raconteur, and the frequent little confidences which his characters indulge in are beyond praise.

That Lever's powers as a narrator were practically inexhaustible may be seen in "The Dodd Family Abroad," a fully worked, in which the fascination never flags and the interest is never once abated. Family embarrassment is the corner stone of many of his novels, and bankruptcy a favorite theme. Reckless living is pictured as the national vice, and Lever felt it was irresistible and so exclusively Irish that he adopted it himself at home and abroad. The Dodds are as amusing a lot as ever entered the brain of a novelist. It is a marvelous *tour de force* to sustain unbrokenly, as Lever does, the humor of this work and the thread of the story. He has hit off the characters to a nicety, and each member of the family is treated consistently throughout. Kenny Dodd and his wife (the latter being the best-drawn character in any of Lever's novels, to my mind), Mary Anne, Caroline, and James Dodd are all most skillfully handled. Their life on the Continent is brilliantly told in a series of

LAUGHABLE LETTERS,

the idea of which was inspired doubtless, by Moore's "Fudge Family," and the last letters are as good as those at the beginning or in the middle of the book. Nor are the Dodds the only good characters—Lord George Tivertos, Paddy Byrne, Capt. Morris, and Betty Cobb, (a name me by the way, introduced into "Con Cregan"—that of the old crone who acted as a sort of Fagin to Con in the earlier chapters), though necessarily not so much in evidence, are quite as graphically put before us in some respects, but there is not a page on which some shrewd or witty remark is not to be encountered. Kenny Dodd is often very apt and quaint in his descriptions of the manners and customs of the people whom he happens to be among. Describing the ridiculous formalities and empty observances of society he is always amusing and interesting. "There is an everlasting bowing and scraping and introducing," he says, "a perpetual prelude to acquaintanceship that never seems to begin. It appears to me like an orchestra that never got further than the tuning of the instruments." He complains, too, that when he goes out his hat is so continually being doffed to acquaintances that he might as well have left it at home. He is frankly a place hunter, and as his wife says, does not know which is the worst—the Whigs or the Tories. "He supported each of them in turn and never got bit nor sup from one or other yet." "Put James in the Board of Trade," he declares, "and you may cut up the Baffins for ten years to come. Give us something in the Customs, and I don't care if New Zealand never has a constitution. 'Tis only the persons that have no families as questions at the hustings. Show me a man that wants pledges from his representative and I'll show you one that has got none from his wife!" His views on the Irish character and on the fair sex are quite as ingenuous. The reason all Irish attempts at revolution have failed is, he says "We take so much diversion in a row that we quite forget it's only the means to an end. We have, so to say, so much fun on the road that we lose sight of the place we were going to." Again, he says, "Nobody is brave with his wife. . . . What chance have you with one that has been studying every weak point, and every frailty of your disposition for, maybe, twenty years? Why, you might as well box with your doctor, who knows where to plant the blow that will be the death of you."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

Harvest Excursions.

Two genuine Harvest Excursions will be run from Chicago and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to points in Western Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates, on Aug. 25 and Sept. 29. For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

The drawing card last Sunday at the Gaelic Athletic Association games was the football contest between the Grattans and the O'Briens. The game ended in a draw, the score being 3 to 3.

After the close of the championship series game the Columbias and Emeralds played an exhibition game. The Columbias have never been defeated and the Emeralds, with whom the crowd was in sympathy, played hard to score and several times the ball was almost past the goal, but Powers interposed his giant form and the inflated bag sped in the opposite direction. The score was: Columbias, 3; Emeralds, 0.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Sept. 16:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	121	76	45	.628
Bostons	120	70	50	.583
New Yorks	113	62	50	.554
Philadelphias	119	61	57	.517
Clevelands	124	55	69	.443
Pittsburgs	121	54	67	.446
Brooklyns	119	52	67	.437
Cincinnatis	121	46	73	.397

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending Sept. 16:

Thursday—Philadelphia 1, Chicago 6. New York 6, Cleveland 5. Brooklyn 4, Pittsburg 3. Boston 18, Cincinnati 7.

Friday—Philadelphia 6, Chicago 1. New York 8, Cleveland 2. New York 1, Cleveland 1. Brooklyn 5, Pittsburg 3. Boston 5, Cincinnati 3.

Saturday—Philadelphia 2, Chicago 3. New York 4, Cleveland 2. New York 7, Cleveland 8. Boston 9, Cincinnati 0. Brooklyn 3, Pittsburg 13. Brooklyn 4, Pittsburg 8.

Monday—Boston 1, Chicago 7. New York 3, Pittsburg 4. Brooklyn 5, Cincinnati 11. Philadelphia 13, Cleveland 3.

Tuesday—Boston 4, Chicago 8. Philadelphia 5, Cleveland 4.

Wednesday—Boston 7, Chicago 2. New York 0, Pittsburg 28. New York 1, Pittsburg 7. Brooklyn 1, Cincinnati 0. Brooklyn 4, Cincinnati 8. Philadelphia 4, Cleveland 11. Philadelphia 2, Cleveland 9.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Bostons	120	80	40	.666
St. Louis	120	74	46	.616
Baltimore	120	69	51	.575
Philadelphias	125	65	55	.520
Columbus	120	59	60	.491
Milwaukee	122	54	68	.443
Louisville	122	43	79	.352
Washington	118	40	78	.339

Thursday—St. Louis 3, Boston 11. Milwaukee 30, Washington 3. Baltimore 3, Louisville 1.

Friday—St. Louis 13, Boston 4. Louisville 1, Baltimore 6. Milwaukee 5, Washington 1. Columbus 0, Philadelphia 4.

Saturday—St. Louis 9, Boston 0. Milwaukee 10, Washington 4. Louisville 6, Baltimore 12. Columbus 18, Philadelphia 5.

Sunday—Milwaukee 7, Philadelphia 8. Milwaukee 7, Philadelphia 3. St. Louis 14, Baltimore 3. Louisville 6, Boston 3. Columbus 5, Washington 2. Columbus 1, Washington 2.

Monday—Louisville 3, Boston 7. St. Louis 7, Baltimore 4. Columbus 10, Washington 2.

Tuesday—Louisville 11, Boston 5. St. Louis 7, Baltimore 6. Milwaukee 7, Philadelphia 5.

Wednesday—Columbus 7, Boston 8. St. Louis 10, Philadelphia 7. Milwaukee 11, Baltimore 4. Louisville 7, Washington 0.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Garden Citys	18	12	6	.667
Whitings	17	11	6	.647
West Ends	17	10	7	.588
Rivals	17	7	10	.412
Brands	17	6	11	.353
Franklins	18	6	12	.333

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Garden Citys 7, Whitings 3. West Ends 6, Rivals 5. Franklins 14, Brands 6.

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

Mr. John Lawlor, the World's champion handball player, left Dublin, his native city, Aug. 25, for the United States. During his short stay in Ireland he played several matches, the most important of which was a home and home game, Carlow vs Dublin. Lawlor's own opinion is that this was the best match he played in Ireland, and that the best he ever played was the match against Courtney, the great American handball player, Lawlor giving the American 10 aces in every game. The men were engaged for 3 hours and 15 minutes without a break, the rubber being the best of eleven games, Lawlor winning by 8 aces in the last game.

The semi final ties of the Dublin football championships were announced to be played at Clonturk park, but owing to the Bonburbs declining to play the Young Irelands, in consequence of the fatal accident which one of their players met with on Sunday week, only one of the matches was brought off, viz—that between the Sons of the Sea and the Fontenoys. The Rugseed men won by 10 points to nil.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER X.

THE "RACES" BALL

Strange and sensational were the scenes enacted in the county town of Mayo on the first day of its occupation by the insurgents.

One of the most notable of these was the breaking open of the prison, which was performed by some members of the Irish Legion, in fact by three of Col. Barrett's most active officers, individuals already named. Ensign Mike Gallagher laid aside the green flag for the nonce, grasped instead a sledge in his brawney hands, and approached the grim, iron studded portal, near which its late defender, the brave but ill-fated Highlander, still lay in his gore.

Mike's efforts were vigorously seconded by his colleagues, Con O'Donnell and Farrell Filan, and very soon the stout iron bars were bending and the woodwork crackling and splintering beneath their thunderous blows. At length a large, jagged aperture was made, through which bounded in the eager prison breakers.

The jailer, one Denis Moran, and his assistant turnkeys had fled in terror, after locking the prisoners in their cells, and now the stony corridors of the grim building echoed and re echoed with the crashing blows of sledges and crowbars as doors were battered open and captives released —prisoners of every grade, for offenses of various complexion: political offenders who lay under sentence of transportation for life for "Defenderism" or "administering oaths;" debtors whom misfortune or extravagance had left in durance; homicides who had been burnt, according to the penalty of the time, in the hand stained with a brother's blood; rustic criminals who were doing their seven years or so for sheepstealing; reckless boys and wretched girls who awaited whipping for petty larceny or some such offence.* All these now flocked into the open air, some, with scared faces, still unable to fully realize the situation, others whooping with joy at their unexpected restoration to liberty. In the prison, at least, the French conquest of Castlebar was duly celebrated by a jubilee; as the Mayo prison report afterwards regretfully related, "a general jail delivery was effected on that unfortunate occasion."

Farrell Filan had burst open door after door with the force of a Vulcan and the ardor of a liberator, when suddenly, as his hammer shattered a lock and dashed open one of the last dark portals, he gave vent to an exclamation of surprise as the inmate of the cell was revealed to him:

"What the devil—you here, Billy Moran?"

"Troth it's myself, to my misfortune Farrell Filan."

There, squatted on a heap of dirty straw, was the burly yeomanry sergeant, with his flabby chin sunk on his breast and a despondent look lending gloom to his truculent visage.

"And might a body ask what undher the sun has got you here?"

"Ask them blackguards of Foxhunters, that flung me in here like a rotten sack, to hang me up as soon as they'd time, I suppose."

"The Foxhunters are out of sxin' distance," said the liberator. "But I think it would be well you'd see the colonel. Come along with me."

Patrick Barrett's astonishment was great when the yeoman was brought before him and Filan explained the circumstances of his discovery.

"Beware how you trifle with me, sir," he he said sternly to Moran. "Surely I saw you in Ballina yesterday. I could swear it."

"A mistake, sir—simply a mistake on your part," said Moran, emphasizing his statement with a fearful oath. "I left Ballina with the Carbineers on Friday morning last, when the French came in."

"But not before your murderous hands had placed the rope around the neck of poor Gill Walsh," was the bitter retort. "You also promised to perform a similar office for myself; but then you did not know your own turn would come so soon."

The yeoman dropped on his knees with frantic supplications for mercy, but Barrett turned a deaf ear upon him and conversed aside with O'Dowda. Recognizing Moran, whose espionage and brutality they had often experienced, some of the Legion approached with dangerous looks, which increased the terror of the huge sergeant

"Mercy! mercy, captain, for the love of heaven!" he yelled.

"Shut up, you spalpeen!" cried Filan, "little mercy was there in your big carcase when you soaped the rosp for one of the best fellows in Tyrawly."

At this reminder some of the insurgents who had seen Walsh's body waked in Ardnaree Chapel began to utter angry exclamations. Some of them put cartridges in their muskets.

"Stand back, men. Explain why you were imprisoned, Moran; and speak the truth if you value your life."

"Lightning blast me if I don't, Captain darlin'—colonel I mane. It was because I wanted to join the boys, just as the rest of ye have done—and sorry I am for not doin' it before this. Sure why would I stay in that dirty crew the Tyrawly Cavalry, what's left of them, where all the best men—yourself, Mister Barrett, and Capt. O'Dowda there, God bless him, and Farrell Filan here, and a lot more—have gone and joined the Frinch? So I was desertin' away from here when the Foxhunters caught me and locked me up in jail till such time as it'd be convenient for them to hang or shoot me—bad luck to them from my heart this blessed day!"

The yeoman spoke with every appearance of ardent sincerity.

"And you are still willing to join us?" inquired Barrett after some doubt and hesitation.

"With a heart and a half, Colonel! And a fool I'd be if I didn't; sure them English are bet out an' out."

"Be it so then. See to him, Filan," and the insurgent colonel moved away arm in arm with O'Dowda.

"A peculiar recruit," said the latter with a laugh; "but, to my thinking, Billy is rather too sudden a convert to be sound."

Farrell Filan cast a puzzled look on the new recruit.

"Billy Moran a United Man!" he murmured; "no wonder Ireland is nearly free. But bedad I'll take care the hangman of Gill Walsh won't billet in my mess; I'll just turn him over among the Laganeers, but first we must 'list him by givin' him the croppy's cut.

Probably it was a revolutionary or democratic idea which originated the custom (as in opposition to the aristocratic queue) which prevailed among United Men of cutting the hair on the back of the head at the time of initiation—a custom from which their enemies termed them "croppies," and which led to the death of a great number of persons, with their hair thus cut in that fatal year. However, the volunteer, Billy Moran, had now to accept the United Irish tonsure.

Procuring a scissors, Filan seized hold of the large, bunchy tail of white powdered hair, bound with ribbon, which hung at the back of the sergeant's bull neck, and cut off the appendage close behind the wearer's ears. The trophy thus obtained he waved in the air, shaking from it a small cloud of powder, as he gleefully sung a ditty of the period:

Oh, Miley dear, who's cut your hair?
Oh, who has used you vilely?
Indeed you were not half so bare
When last I saw you, Miley!
Oh, the green flag! oh, the green flag!
Oh, the green flag flying!

The spectators uttered an appreciative roar of laughter and applause. The shorn recruit turned a glare of ill concealed fury upon his tormentor.

By this time the insurgents had gutted the jail, carrying off the iron bars and stanchions to have them forged into pikes. Indeed, before they had done with the building they even tore down and levelled the lofty surrounding walls of the yards; and the old prison on the east side of the Mall fared no better.

"Night closed around the conquerors' way," and the conquerors, with characteristic spirit, determined to celebrate their recent victory with a ball. The children of the French Republic were anything but puritanical in their ideas of human enjoyment; in this respect they resembled their predecessors of the old noblesse. So, the critical business of battle once disposed of, they burned with true Gallic zest to the consideration of pleasure. Accordingly, Gen. Humbert's very polite invitations were issued in generous abundance to the leading townspeople of Castlebar, begging the favor of their and their good wives' and daughters' presence at a ball to be given that night in McGreevy's Hotel."

Invitations were also issued to the English officers, who remained paroled prisoners in Castlebar, in terms pregnant with French courtesy and delicacy.

It was after 9 o'clock when Col. Barrett, having enjoyed the luxury of a shave, quitted his lodgings in Castle street and proceeded towards the scene of pleasure.

Order had been restored in town. French and insurgent pickets patrolled the streets, clearing them of drunken stragglers and all who might be disposed to rowdyism or plunder or outrage of any description. French soldiers smoked and chatted at the doors of the houses where they were billeted, or lounged at the windows overhead. All round the town a circle of guards and watch fires had been established. Bonfires, celebrative of the the victory, twinkled on the distant hills, especially in the direction of Westport and Newport.

Throughout the town festivity was the order of the night; its sounds were heard in every direction. As our insurgent moved along he overheard, from an adjacent tavern, the stentorian voice of one of his men, as usual a Ballina weaver, lustily carolling a song which was a great favorite with the United Men, especially now that it had become apropos:

'Twas in the year of 'ninety-three,
The French did plant an olive tree,
An emblem of great liberty,
And patriots danced around it.
The tools of murder near and far,
The sons of freedom thought to scar;
But Gallia taught new modes of war—
The toesin it was sounded.

And then, an avalanche of sound, rolled forth the chorus, swelled by a score of enthusiastic voices:

For was I not oft telling thee
The French could fight right heartily?
That Carmagnoles would make you flee,
But you would never mind me.

A building blazing with lights, with a French guard at the door, announced the whereabouts of the chief celebration. On entering the hastily improvised ballroom, Barrett was struck with the success which evidently attended the organization of the entertainment, even in minor details. The walls of the apartment, hung with draperies and festooned with evergreens, were further decorated with trophies formed of the British flags taken in the day's battle, and also of the captured arms, muskets, swords, and bayonets, which glittered brilliantly in the light of numerous lamps. At one end of the room were crossed the French and Irish flags, with suspended over them a laurel wreath in token of victory.

"What think you of this, my boy?—quite a national Valhalla, eh?" cried Teeling enthusiastically to Barrett as he entered.

The strains of music filled the air. The floor was covered with a lively, ever changing throng of dancers, the white dresses and gay ribbons—green ones significantly predominating—of the damsels of the county town and its neighborhood fluttering amid uniforms of blue, and some even of scarlet. Here and there a French officer, full of vivacious gesture, was striving to make himself intelligible to his blithe and amiable partner, whose bright eyes sparkled brighter with a sense of the ludicrous.

"Vive la guerre, Monsieur le Colonel!" gaily exclaimed a foreign voice at our spectator's side.

"Ay, with all my heart, Lisette, if it be all like this!" responded Barrett. "Will you not bless me with a dance, my heroine?"

"Avec plaisir, monsieur."

Lisette—the amazon who had pursued the flying Carbineers at Ballina—was a young Frenchwoman of shapely form, graceful semi military bearing, lively and piquant disposition. A very pretty picture she made in her close fitting green jacket *a la militaire*, embroidered with gold, short skirt of the same material and color, and crimson trousers, also embroidered, and tight at the ankles, terminating in the daintiest of *bottines*. She had laid aside her sword and belt, also her helmet; and her hair, black as night, fell in wavy luxuriance over her back and shoulders.

She and Barrett were presently circling round the room, her hair floating like a cloud around them, dark and free as the manes of the steeds of Nox.

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed as they ceased. What a partner you are, Lisette! Never till now did I know the delight of dancing with a Frenchwoman."

"'Tis nothing, monsieur; you flatter me. Morbleu! to know me aright you should have seen me lead the Carmagnole on the glacis of Lille, when the bullets were flying around. Peste! that little affair today was nothing to it."

"Peculiar Terpsichorean taste yours, my dear girl. But what think you of our Irish damsels?"

'Fairer than I thaught to find them. Pink faces, though signs of a cold climate, look pretty sometimes. Warmer and livelier stuff in France, I should think, monsieur—that is, from a professional point of view—and more suited for the battlefield."

"Ha, ha! I fear, my Lisette, you are on the lookout for some Irish vivandieres, so I will warn——"

"Excuse me, Colonel, but Lisette has promised me this one"; and, as the music struck up again, Teeling and the sprightly "fille du regiment" joined the votaries on the floor.

Still smiling at the odd critique he had just heard, Barrett stood apart and watched the dancers. Familiar faces, Irish and French, flitted by in the lamplight—Sullivan, Roche, O'Dowda, Fontaine, Ardouin, and others, apparently in full zest of enjoymet. Matthew Tone sat contemplating the gay scene with the quietness which had got him dubbed "the spectator." As for Gen. Humbert himself he entered into the spirit of festivity with the seeming *aplomb* of a conqueror. He exclaimed with democratic pride, in the course of some animated conversation:

"Who could have thought that a wretched dealer in goat skins would make England shake in her shoes!"

And at the supper he gave as the chief toast of the occasion:

"The Independence of Ireland."

Patrick Barrett had parted with his latest partner, Miss Jordan—a charming brunette of the old Anglo Norman stock of Mayo—and was about retiring for a quiet smoke in the cool outer air, when, meeting face to face an officer with a lady on his arm, he halted and stood as if petrified.

The officer was the French second in command, Gen. Sarezin; the lady was—Mabel Fortescue!

The embarrassment was natural. Miss Fortescue, on recognizing Barrett, grew deadly pale. With a hurried "Pardonnez moi," she withdrew her arm from that of Gen. Sarezin, and the latter, with a surprised and somewhat supercilious glance at the insurgent, bowed stiffly and retired.

With white face, rendered whiter by contrast with the sable velvet robe which she wore, the lady glided towards Barrett, looked him intently in the face, and hissed rather than whispered:

"You will not betray me?"

"Betray you, madam?"

At his look of astonishment and inquiry her manner suddenly changed. She uttered a laugh, harsh and jarring in its palpably forced nature.

"Yes—betray me, a poor, devoted Loyalist, for coming hither to enjoy myself, save the mark! amidst all those gay Republican friends of yours, amid those uniformed *sans culottes*, whom you so lately heard me term murderers."

He did not reply, but looked at her gravely, moodily.

"Ah! you are shocked, are you not, at my appearing here—at such a time! in such a character!—while my dear brother lies on his deathbed, while, perhaps, he is even now breathing his last? Singular fancy, is it not, of mine to come here and take the bloodstained hands of his murderers and their allies—you and your companions in rebellion, around whose necks I even now see the cords of doom, gaily though you disport yourselves at this 'dance Macabar'—this dance of death?"

Her voice was thrilling, appalling in its vindictive tone; her eyes seemed full of fire as they glared into his; she had seized him by the wrist in her excitement, and her grasp felt like a band of icy steel.

"Madam," he hoarsely murmured, "I fear this is no place for you."

"Is it not, indeed?" she said in the same tones; "on the contrary, 'tis most congenial, 'tis a funeral feast; and see, I have come appropriately attired. This festivity is but a prelude to that of the worms. You need not plume yourself, sir, on the pitiful success of today; the overwhelming power of England is gathering yonder like a storm cloud on the horizon."

"In the cause of our country and of liberty, Miss Fortescue," he said, with sudden hauteur, "we are prepared to brave it."

"The cause of sedition and rebellion!" she bitterly retorted; the cause of arson and murder!"

He flushed angrily, and would have blurted a vehement reply, but paused from a consideration of pity; surely she was beside herself for the time being through grief at her brother's sad misfortune.

"Madam! you distress yourself unnecessarily."

"Hear me, Barrett!" she exclaimed. "Already I have urged you to abandon this fatal course—you who are young and thoughtless and impulsive. I now do so again. Disassociate yourself from those foreign monsters; repair to the army of the King and seek pardon, which I guarantee will be granted you. Remain here longer and you and the members of your family shall rue it in tears of blood!"

"I shall thank you to end this strange scene," he said sternly; "you counsel me disgrace and dishonor. I am heart and soul in my country's cause, and any attempt to seduce me from it—well, in a man I should resent it as rank impertinence."

She flashed a wrathful glance upon him, then uttered an unpleasant laugh.

"'Impertinence'—how manly! Model republican gentleman though you are, I shall teach you to use becoming language to a lady, and at the same time show you that I am more potent here than you think. Gen. Sarezin,"—at her signal that officer approached from where he had stood impatiently waiting—"I have to request that you will preserve me from insult!"

Sarezin looked amazed, then exulted. He recalled a certain biting rebuke he had received from Barrett at Killala, on account of an irreligious sneer of his at the expense of the peasant insurgents. Here was an opportunity of repaying the debt. He drew himself up stiffly and sternly:

"A lady insulted—and here! Citizen Barrett, you passed for an Irish gentleman!"

"And not falsely, General," was the haughty answer. "There was no insult——"

"*Sacre!* would you increase it—the lady lies, eh?"

"No intentional one. The lady seems offended. I apologize and beg to assure her——"

Sarezin interrupted with a gesture of disdain, a rebuff which the lady accentuated by a deprecating sweep of her fan.

"You have apologized—enough! I am sure the lady will be content, knowing that some concession must be made in revolutionary times, when a certain class of humanity comes, as an unfortunate necessity, to the surface. In punishment for your offense, sir, you will consider yourself under arrest for remainder of the night, and, therefore, disqualified from remaining here a moment longer. Return at once to your quarters."

The general and his partner wheeled about and disappeared among the gay throng. Barrett, with the insolent speech burning into his heart and brain, strode from the ballroom, the lights seeming to swim round him, and the music sounding like mockery in his ears.

* At the Mayo Lent assizes of 1798, Bartholomew Warren was sentenced to transportation for life or administering oaths, and Francis Boyd, for manslaughter, to three months' imprisonment and to be "burned to the hand"; at the summer assizes, same year, Henry McMullen and William Mallan were sentenced to life-long transportation for administering oaths, and Luke Loddan got seven years for sheep stealing. Among the prisoners in Castlebar jail that year was Thomas Carroll, a life transport for "Defenderism."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh na Sealga.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Gan fhios do chaich fó an di
Lean 'san ród an eilid mhaol,
Air lorg na h-eilde go dian,
Go sliabh Guilinn na rian réidh.

Air n-dul do'n eilid 'san t-sliabh,
Fionn 'nna diaigh 's a dhá choin,
Nior bh-feasach dhó soir no siar,
Cár ghabh an fiadh ansa g-cnoc.

Do ghabh Fionn soir 'san t-sliabh,
Is a dhá choin siar air lóth;
A Phádruig nár bh' eic le Dia
Mar thugsad an triar a g-cél.

Chualaidh Fionn 's nior chian uaidh,
Gul air bhruach na locha shéimh;
Ann do bhí an macaoimh mná
B' fheárra cáil dá bh-faicidh sé.

Do bhí a gruaidh mar an rós,
Is a beol air dhath na g-caer,
Do bhí a cneas mar an m-bláth,
'S a leaca bán mar an eal.

Air dhath an óir bhí a folt,
Mar reultan seaca a roag do bhí,
A Phádruig dá bh-faicfeá a dreach,
Do bhearfeá do sheare do'n mhnaoi.

Druideas Fionn ag farraidh sgéil
Air mhnaoi shéimh na g-cuacha n-óir,
D' fhiosraigh sé do'n ghnáis ghloin,
"An bh-faicaidh tú mo choin 'san tóir?"

"An do sheilg ni bh-fuil mo spéis,
Ni fhaicaidh mé do chú choin;
A righ na Féinne gan tlás,
Is measa liom fáth mo ghuil."

"An é do chéile fuair bás,
D' inghean aluinn no do mhac,
Creud an fáth fa bh-fuil do chaol,
Aindhir chaoimh is áilne dreach?

No creud as a bh-fuil do bhrón,
A aindhir óg na m-bos mín?
A féidir d' fhurtacht?" ar Fionn,
"Dubhach liom do bheith mar chím.'

"Fáil óir do bhí air mo ghlaic,"
Do ráidh aindhir na bh-folt séimh,
"Thuitim dom' láimh 'san t-sreabh,
Ag sin m' ádhbhar do bheith i b-péin.

"Geasa nár fhulaing fíor Isoch,
Cuirim ort a righ na bh-Fiann,
M' fháinne do thabhairt tar ais
Thuit ré fánadh na sreabh n-dian."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 25.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sheridan, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lazelle, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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THE FLOOD IN SPAIN.

Heavy Damage Reported in the Province of Toledo.

FROM 1,500 TO 2,000 LIVES LOST.

The Queen Regent Takes Active Interest in the Disaster and Orders a National Relief Subscription To Be Opened—No Truth in the Reported Occupancy of the Port of Sigri by the British—Other Old World News.

MADRID, Sept. 15.—The entire country is shrouded in gloom on account of the shocking disasters in the province of Toledo. The first advices gave a hint, though the interrupted telegraph service and consequent meager details obtainable made it only a hint of the terrible extent of the calamity, which is probably one of the worst known in modern times. A dispatch from the mayor of Consuegra, which called earnestly for aid and stated that there were already 1,500 victims, was not at first understood to mean that such a large number of people had lost their lives, as a mortality so overwhelming was deemed incredible. Active preparations, however, proceeded for the repair of the telegraphic communications and the railways, which were washed away in many places. The chief of the road traffic department left at once with a corps of engineers and laborers, who were first set to work at the railway break at Castillejo. They were greatly hindered by the still-rising waters.

Great Loss of Life.

Throughout Sunday night and Monday night incoming news made the loss of life in the valley of the River Amarguillo more and more; and it is now reasonably sure that between 1,500 and 2,000 people have been drowned. The whole Province of Toledo seems to have suffered from a tempest, and heavy damage is reported in all directions. Every town and village on the banks of the Amarguillo appears to have been flooded, and the overflow of the sea is from two to six feet deep over an area measuring hundreds of square miles. All communication is interrupted, except that by boat, which prevents any accurate estimate of the number of deaths. The figures given are based upon the terrible state of affairs in those districts that have already been reached. There are repeated instances where houses have been gutted, and the floating furniture, mingled with the bodies of drowned men and women, form ghastly groupings, indicating that all along the valley the inhabitants were taken by surprise and cut off from all means of escape as the rising flood surrounded them.

Relief for the Sufferers.

The queen regent has taken a most active interest in the disaster. She has ordered a national subscription to be opened. This has now been supplemented by many private ones. The queen sent for the minister of justice, asking for the latest details. He went to the Palace Ayote for that purpose, and the ministry then decided that all funds available should be immediately utilized for the relief of the sufferers, and that the budgetre served for epidemics should also be devoted to this use. The minister of public works has gone to the scene of the disaster, where over 100 bodies have already been recovered. This, however, is only the report from only three or four small places. Reports from Valencia and Andalusia are almost equally harrowing. They state that six feet of water prevails in many of the houses. The city is in a state of great excitement, and the railway stations are besieged by families seeking their incoming relations and news of the people supposed to be lost. The storm reported from Valencia proves to be an absolute cyclone, which blew down houses and devastated harvest fields. The first reports of great loss of life at Almeria are fully confirmed.

Felt an Earthquake Shock.

A special envoy of the government has arrived at Tembleque by road. He had the greatest difficulty in reaching Conquega, and says in the latter locality two-thirds of the houses, the walls of which were made of mud and straw, were destroyed, and two-thirds of the inhabitants are reported to be drowned. Some of the bodies have drifted as far as Midridejos and Communas. The survivors report that an earthquake was felt just before the inundation took place. According to the last census Consuegena had a population of 7,621, so that if it be true that two-thirds are drowned the catastrophe is unparalleled in the history of Spain. A special government envoy has just reached Madedego and brings appalling news from Consuegena. He says that 500 houses are utterly destroyed and the remainder little better than ruins. Over 300 bodies are known to have been washed away and the number of corpses buried under the ruins is estimated as at least 1,500.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The Port of Sigri Still in the Possession of Turkey.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—A dispatch just received here from Constantinople says there is no other foundation for the story of a British armed occupation of the port of Sigri, on the island of Mitylene, than is found in the fact that a party of British naval officers on Saturday last left their ship for the purpose of picknicking on a deserted islet off Cape Sigri. The party re-embarked the same evening and on Sunday their vessel sailed.

BERLIN, Sept. 15.—From Constantinople there comes an official denial that Sigri has been occupied by a British force.

Rebel Heads on Posts.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—A dispatch from Aden, Arabia, says that the heads of the conquered Yemen rebels have been distributed about the various Turkish ports in Arabia and stuck on posts for the edification of the inhabitants. At Sana, which is a great trading center, no less than fifteen heads are on exhibition in various stages of decay. It appears that Ahmed Rushdi, the Turkish commander, surprised a large rebel force while they were asleep and keeping a poor watch. He slaughtered them without mercy, taking no male prisoners, and the dead who had been leaders in the revolt were decapitated. The interior tribes remain unsubdued, but the inhabitants of Yemen have all submitted to the sultan

A Remarkable Blind Leper.

DUBLIN, Sept. 15.—A blind leper named Evans, who was lodged in rooms especially prepared for him at the poorhouse at Lisburn, near Belfast, escaped yesterday morning by scaling the walls of the building and evading the guards. The news that a leper was at large created a panic among the populace of the town. Evans was finally captured by the physician of the workhouse, and now the people are wondering how a blind and decrepit man could set bolts, walls, and guards at defiance.

Land for Siberian Exiles.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—A St. Petersburg dispatch says that any exiles in Siberia, save those who are in close imprisonment for high crimes, may now take a section of land equivalent to about twenty-five English miles, and cultivate for their own use. The exiles thus favored must report at the nearest police office at least once in three months and cannot depart, except as a fugitive in the immediate jurisdiction.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Destruction of The Commercial Advertiser Building in New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Fire was discovered on the second floor of the old Commercial Advertiser building on the southwest corner of Fulton and Nassau streets at 9:15 Tuesday morning, and in fifteen minutes the flames had gained such headway that they were practically beyond control. The people employed in The Advertiser building, of which there were several hundred, all made their escape by means of the fire escapes on the front of the building, and so far as reported no one is said to have been injured.

A Regular Fire-Trap.

The building which was old and is said to have been condemned by the fire department twenty-six years ago, burned fiercely and before the firemen were able to obtain any greater pressure of water the flames burned and spread with the rapidity of a forest fire. About 10 o'clock, the flames having spread to the adjoining building on Nassau, two more alarms were sent out, but the narrowness of the street and the intense heat of the flames prevented the firemen from getting near enough with the hose to do good execution and the men had to content themselves with saving the adjoining property. By 11:30 the whole building was a mass of ruins and the fire was completely under control The loss will reach nearly $800,000.

Hotel Fire at Meridan, Miss.

MERIDAN, Sept 15.—The new and elegant Southern hotel, costing $150,000 just nearing completion, caught fire at 6:30 Monday night, creating widespread fear of a general conflagration. No less than five accidents occurred during the progress of the fire W. A. Royce, treasurer of the Meridan Drug company, fell from the fourth floor, receiving serious injuries; H. E. Davidson, a fireman, fell five floors through an elevator, fracturing his skull. The others are not thought to be seriously injured. The fire originated in the fifth floor.

Blazing Stockings at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 15.—The stocking factory of Herman Klein & Sons on the southwest corner of Betts and John streets, was gutted by fire early Tuesday morning. Loss about $40,000; insurance, $30,000. Spontaneous combustion is supposed to have caused the fire.

BALMACEDA IS SAFE.

Disguised as a Drunken Sailor He Boards the Steamer San Francisco.

VALPARAISO, Sept. 15.—Balmaceda has escaped from the clutches of his enemies and is now safe on the high seas under the protection of the United States flag. He appealed to Admiral Brown of the flagship San Francisco for protection. Admiral Brown did what all other foreign admirals would have done under similar circumstances—he stepped in to save a human life. In the name of humanity he consented to afford Balmaceda the shelter of his ship and the protection of the stars and stripes.

Donned the Navy Blue.

How to effect the ex-president's escape was the next question. After many plans had been suggested, discussed, and rejected as too risky one at last was hit upon that it was thought would work successfully. This was nothing less than to have Balmaceda disguise himself as a drunken United States sailor. The clothing was sent ashore in a market boat Monday night by order of Admiral Brown. It was smuggled by one of Balmaceda's faithful adherents into the house where the ex-president was in hiding. He carefully donned it, and after a close inspection of his new and strange attire to see that there was nothing about the get-up which would arouse suspicion, he stole out by a rear entrance into the street.

Passed by Many Enemies.

Nightfall favored his disguise, and he had studied his part so well that he feigned a drunken tar to perfection. In his way toward the water front he rolled by many men who would have been delighted to have had the chance to seize and turn him over to the police authorities. In time he reached the spot in the harbor that had been arranged upon. There he found a boat awaiting him. It was manned by United States man-of-war's men. Balmaceda, still maintaining his disguise, made his final drunken stumble and fell into the boat. It pushed off at once and in a short time the ex-president, all signs of inebriety at an end, clambered swiftly up the ropes and was saved. The vessel then sailed for San Francisco.

An Embezzler Captured.

VIRGINIA, Ills., Sept. 15.—Last September Miller F. Hageman, merchant at Jules Station, departed for the west. Not returning, suspicions were aroused which caused an examination of his accounts to be made, which revealed an alleged shortage of nearly $10,000, mostly due farmers for grain. He was traced and finally located near Visalia, Cal. D. N. Walker was commissioned to go after him, and Monday morning the alleged embezzler, in charge of Mr. Walker, arrived from the west.

Candidates in a Plowing Match.

BALTIMORE, Sept 15.—Frank Brown, the Democratic candidate for governor, will accept the challenge of Colonel Van Nord, the Republican candidate, to a plowing match. Mr. Brown is confident that he be can best his opponent, although he has not touched a plow for ten years.

The Kennedys Sentenced.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—Francis W., president, and Henry H. Kennedy, cashier of the defunct Spring Garden National bank, who were convicted recently for wrecking that institution, were sentenced by Judge Butler Friday morning to ten years each in the Eastern penitentiary.

ONE HUNDRED DROWNED

Details of the Collision Off Cape Colonna.

HOW THE CATASTROPHE OCCURRED

A Number of People Thrown into the Hold of the Taormina by the Shock of the Collision and Killed—The Brave Captain Remains at His Post and Sinks with the Ship—Petition Thrown into the Czar's Carriage—Foreign Notes.

ATHENS, Sept. 12.—A collision off Cape Colonna between the Italian steamship Taormina and the Thessalia, a Greek vessel, resulted in the sinking of the Taormina. The captain of the ship, several of the crew, and, it is estimated, about one hundred of the passengers were drowned. The Taormina sank within a few minutes after being struck by the Greek steamship. Most of the Taormina's passengers were in their births at the time the vessels collided. The Thessalia was badly damaged forward, but by keeping the pumps going the steamer just succeeded in reaching Phalsron. The second officer of the Taormina and a number of passengers who were standing on the bridge at the time the collision occurred were saved by the boats of the Thessalia.

The Panic Was Frightful.

The Taormina left Constantinople Wednesday morning and arrived Friday night near the island of Gaiders, when it sighted a vessel coming towards it. The Taormina repeatedly whistled but no notice was taken of the signal. The Thessalia, which was going under full steam, struck the Taormina midships. The panic on the Italian vessel was frightful. Many of the hatches were open and the shock caused a number of people to be pushed down into the hold and killed outright. Five minutes after the ships struck the Thessalia disengaged itself from the Taormina and continued on its course, paying no heed to the Taormina or its signals of distress. Some of the latter's passengers leaped upon the deck of the Thessalia just after the vessels struck, and in this manner many were saved.

Contradictory Reports.

Brave Captain Ferroni of the Taormina remained at his post on the bridge and sank with his ship. Captain Primas declares that the captain of the Taormina must have mistaken his course, and must have seen that he (Primas) did what he could but was unable to prevent the collision. Captain Primas farther says he abandoned the Taormina because the Thessalia was taking in water and threatened to sink. This, however, is contradicted by the sailors of the vessel, who say the pumps were not set going until three hours after the accident. The captain of the Thessalia, to rid himself of the charge of indifference, says he launched a small boat hoping to save some lives, but it was swamped and one sailor lost. This is also denied.

WOES OF A RUSSIAN.

He Throws a Petition Into the Carriage of the Czar.

COPENHAGEN, Sept. 12.—As the czar was driving out Friday a petition was thrown into his carriage by a man who was immediately arrested. He proved to be a Russian engineer named Ulkenitz. He intended to draw the attention of the czar to the wrongs of Ulkenitz. He was formerly, the petition said, prosperous in his profession in Moscow, but fell under the suspicion of the police and his life was made miserable by official persecution. His premises were raided time after time and on one occasion the police so maltreated his aged aunt that she died.

The Persecution Continued.

He was finally imprisoned, but, nothing being found against him, he was released, but forced to leave Moscow. He sought redress from the St. Petersburg authorities, but was only rearrested. The Grand Duke Michael ordered his release, but he was this time banished. He went to Poland, was again arrested and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. Since the expiration of his term he has resided in Copenhagen, but he desires to return to his native land and petitions the czar to have his case looked into and to order that he be allowed to live unmolested in Russia.

Drowned a Boy for His Clothes.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 12—A boy of 9 years named Eccles was drowned last Tuesday in a pit within the area of excavations for the new Liverpool postoffice in Victoria street. Friday Samuel Crawford, aged 10, and Robert Sheehan, aged 8, confessed to having killed Eccles. They induced him to strip and go in bathing so that they might steal his clothes. When he had prepared for the bath they pushed him into a pit, where he soon sank beyond his depth. Sheehan donned Eccles' clothes, which were better than his own, and the two boys fled, leaving their companion drowning.

Outbreak of Pleuro-Pneumonia.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—Cumberland advices state that a serious outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia has occurred in that district. It is feared that the valuable pedigree shorthorns belonging to Sir Wilfred Lawson, M. P., are infected with the disease. The cattle already killed were valued at $52,000.

Congratulated by the Kaiser.

MUNICH, Sept. 12.—At the close of the Bavarian army maneuvers Saturday, Kaiser William warmly congratulated Prince Regent Luitpold upon the efficiency and appearance of the troops.

Crushed to a Pulp.

AURORA, Mo., Sept. 12.—Floyd Brewer, foreman of the Shorton crusher, met a horrible death out at the mines. The rollers became choked and he attempted to dislodge some of the rock with a crow bar. The rollers suddenly caught the bar, throwing Brewer over on the rollers, and he was literally crushed to a pulp.

Embezzled 378,000 Marks.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—Judge Ingraham of the supreme court, at the instance of the German consul, has issued an attachment against any property in this state of Ernest Book, who as bookkeeper of the Prussian Mortgage Insurance Stock company of Berlin, is charged with em-

A trial recently made in the German army showed that dispatches can be sent more speedily by horsemen than by bicyclists. The horses were not ridden at high speed, while the bicyclists went at full speed.

HIS DEATH WAS SUDDEN.

Hon. George B. Loring Dies at His Home at Salem, Mass.

SALEM, Mass., Sept. 14.—Hon. George B. Loring, ex-minister to Portugal and former commissioner of agriculture, died suddenly Monday morning from heart trouble. Mr. Loring was born at North Andover, in 1817. He was graduated with the class of '38 at Harvard and studied medicine. From 1843 to 1850 he served as surgeon in charge of the marine hospital at Chelsea, and was one of the commissioners to revise the United States marine hospital system in 1849. From 1853 to 1857 he was postmaster at Salem. Since 1864 he has been president of the New England agricultural society. He was a delegate to the national Republican conventions of 1868, 1872 and 1876, and from 1869 to 1876 chairman of the Massachusetts Republican committee. In 1876 he was elected to congress where he served till 1881, when he was made commissioner of agriculture. This position he held for four years. Dr. Loring was the author of numerous addresses.

GEORGE B. LORING.

BLOWN INTO ETERNITY.

Frightful Result of the Explosion of a Locomotive Boiler.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Sept. 10.—The boiler of the locomotive of the regular passenger train on the Long Island railway scheduled to leave here at 7:08, exploded Wednesday morning with terrific force while the train was standing at the station. Engineer Donaldson, Fireman Dickinson and Brakeman Mahoney were instantly killed, their bodies being thrown some distance and horribly mutilated. The locomotive was completely wrecked. There were a large number of passengers on board the train, but so far as known none was seriously hurt.

The Conductor Badly Scalded.

The windows of the cars were shattered and some of the passengers thrown on the floor, receiving slight cuts and bruises besides being badly shaken up. The train was known as No. 6 and usually carried residents of Oyster Bay who have to attend to business in New York every day. Conductor Jones, who was standing near the locomotive at the time of the explosion, was thrown several yards and badly scalded. His condition is critical. It is supposed that low water caused the explosion. The engine was inspected but a short time ago.

TWO THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

Frightful Effect of the Floods in the Province of Toledo, Spain.

MADRID, Sept. 14.—The floods in the province of Toledo have inflicted enormous damage and caused the loss of 2,000 lives, according to official advices thus far received from the stricken district. Communication is almost entirely cut off in many directions, and it is believed that when the full returns are received a still greater calamity will be revealed.

Captain and Crew Drowned.

HALIFAX, Sept. 14.—A Yarmouth special says that the schooner Georgian of that place while being towed to Halifax capsized, and the captain and crew were drowned. Most of the unfortunate men belong in Tusket Wedge, near Yarmouth. The list of the lost is as follows: Captain Eleaser Lebtac, aged 25, of Tusket Wedge; Morrell Porter, P. A. Leblanc, R. Surrett, F. A. Porter, Eugene Surrett, B. Boudrot, G. Porter and L. Porter, all of Tusket Wedge; Leonard Porter of Plymouth, G. M. Surrett and George Surrett of this place, Isaac Porter and Amile Boudrot of Tusket Wegde; August Surrett of Pinckney's point. The schooner was owned by H. & N. B Lewis of Yarmouth.

Vessels Long Overdue.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14.—It is feared by the owners of the schooner Harbesor Hickman which sailed from Matanzas, July 28, for St. Pierre, Martinique, that the vessel has been wrecked in the recent cyclone which prevailed on the island of Martinique. She is long overdue. The French bark Paulet Pauline from this port, July 1, for Sables d'Oloune, laden with naphtha, has not since been heard of and is believed to have foundered with all hands on board.

A New "Hold Your Wheat" Circular.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 14.—"Facts Worth Money" is the heading of a new circular in relation to the wheat question now being sent from this city. In it the arguments contained in the famous "Hold Your Wheat" supplement of six weeks ago are reviewed, and the farmer is urged to hold back his crop as better prices await him in the next few weeks. The claim is made that wheat will be $1.50 soon, and possibly $2.

They Don't Approve the Play.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—Directors of the Whitechapel club, after having witnessed a portion of the performance of the play of "Abraham Lincoln" at the Chicago Opera house, decided to apply to the courts for a temporary injunction restraining the management from presenting the play. "We do this," said one of the directors, "because we are Americans and consider the play an insult to patriotism."

Dr. Edward Eggleston Married.

MADISON, Ind., Sept. 14.—Dr. Edward Eggleston, the well-known writer, author of the "Hoosier Schoolmasier," the "Faith Doctor" and other stories, was married Monday to Miss Fannie Elizabeth Goode, an esteemed lady of this city. They went at once to Lake George and will go from there to New York, where they will reside.

The historical grey coat of Napoleon I, which was stolen from a museum, was found recently by the police in the Quartier du Temple in Paris. An old clothes dealer had given the thief 3 francs for it.

According to report the amount of smuggling in the neighborhood of Sumas, Wash., on the Canadian boundary line, is stupendous, and smuggling is a leading industry there.

A notorious woman named Ellen E. Peck, is alleged to have defrauded Merrill H. Day, a New York city lawyer, and his wife out of Brooklyn real estate worth $250 000 She did it by exchanging for the lawyer's property a lot of land in Kentucky which she did not own. She one time swindled Babbit, the soap manu

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

William Sanders of Hastings, Neb., was probably fatally injured by a kick from a horse. Three silver half-dollars which were in his pocket were driven into his side.

Postmaster Reade of Andulasia, Ills was attacked by highwaymen, badly beaten and robbed of $147. Six months ago he was attacked in his office and robbed of several hundred dollars.

The tobacco crop in California promises to be a great success, and the industry will probably become a profitable one.

Searching parties are scouring the woods near Prentice, Wis., for A. Lewis, who left his home a week ago and has not been seen or heard of since. He has been in ill-health for some time and it is thought has shot himself in the woods.

P. H. Patrick and a son of the Hon. J. B. Brown, of Pembroke, Ga., came to blows about a small settlement, and a brother of Brown tried to separate them. Revolvers were drawn and all were mortally wounded.

It is denied that there is to be a consolidation of the leading wrought iron pipe manufacturing concerns of the country.

At Natchez, Miss., the Very Rev. Father Merschaert was consecrated bishop of Indian territory.

Trains have been put on the new branch of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois road, from Tuscola to Sullivan.

The visible supply statement of Saturday, Sept. 5, as reported by the New York produce exchange, shows: Wheat, 19,802,435 bushels; increase, 737,593 bushels. Corn, 9,967,081 bushels; increase, 1,355,728 bushels.

Nine persons were fatally poisoned at a dinner at the home of George Gregg in Belleville, Kan. It is not known what the poison was or who administered it.

Louisa Haas, the daughter of wealthy parents living at Stuttgart, Germany, is crazy at Detroit, having been brought there by her lover who deserted her.

Henry Murlard was thrown upon a circular saw at Au Sable, Mich. Although literally cut to pieces he lived for an hour.

Thomas Bedford, aged 20 years, while cleaning a revolver at Kerwin, Kan., was shot in the breast and fatally wounded.

Tom Britton fell on a carrier in a sawmill at Paris, Tex., and was cut in two lengthwise by the saw.

John W. Bridges, postmaster and Western Union manager at Grand Junction, Col., has been missing for over two weeks. It is said his accounts with the government are over $3,000 short.

Nearly one thousand students have entered Carleton and St. Olaf colleges at Northfield, Minn.

Albert Garwood, an employe of the Marshalltown (Ia.) electric light works, was thrown against a dynamo and so badly injured that he died an hour afterward.

Gross earnings of the Wabash railway for the past year, as shown by President Ashley's annual report, were $13,028,287, and the net earnings $3,463,064. The old board of directors was re-elected at the annual meeting at St. Louis.

Ex-Congressman Clark of Neenah, Wis., is seriously ill at Thereso, N. Y., and his physicians think he cannot recover.

Ferndale, a yearling, trotted a quarter of a mile at Cleveland in 36 seconds.

Dr. C. N. Palmer, charged with burglarizing a store and postoffice at Raymond, Wis., has been suspended from the medical board of pension examiners by Commissioner Raum, pending the action of the courts.

Michigan railways have this fall for the first time in many years charged exhibitors at the various state fairs full rates one way instead of carrying them free, as heretofore. This has injured the fairs, and the farmers are devising means to restore the old system and bring the roads to terms.

Bishop Talbot, (Episcopal) of Wyoming territory, has declined his recent election as bishop of the diocese of Georgia.

The swelling of a mountain stream running through the Weiseklamm gorge, near Passail, Austria, has caused considerable loss of life and property. All the neighboring roads have been torn up, many factories have been destroyed, and several persons have been drowned.

While walking on the Rock Island track at Davenport, Ia., Dr. Burns was struck by a train and sustained injuries that may prove fatal.

A switch engine beheaded Frank Hollingsworth at Fort Madison, Ia., who had evidently taken this way to commit suicide. He was a laborer and had a brother in Keokuk.

Shipments of wheat in Kansas have become so heavy as to blockade the railroads.

At Hinesboro, Ills., Esther Lavener, aged 15, secured a verdict against Benjamin Welch, aged 19, for betraying her under promise of marriage.

Fire at New York destroyed the building occupied by Schillinberg, clothing; H. Baum, milliner; A. B. Pouch, advertising novelties, and the G. W. Greed company, manufacturers of women's undergarments, causing a loss of $100,000; fully insured.

Colonel F. M. H. Holloway of Hillsdale, Mich., is dead, aged 76. He was the Democratic nominee for governor of Michigan in 1880.

The night switchmen on the Lake Erie and Western road at Lima, O., have struck, and freight traffic is again blocked at that point.

George Woods, aged 40, left a wife and three children and eloped with Mrs. Craig Foster, who left a husband and little child. The couple resided at Bloomington, Ills., and are supposed to be in Missouri.

Hydrophobia is said to have developed among two herds of cattle near Boone, Walo

The assessment of the railway property in Indiana is $160,809,575, against $69,762,675 last year. The increase on the Pennsylvania road alone is over $14,000,000.

William Conley and Ross Riley, horse thieves, were captured after being mortally wounded by United States marshals near Purcell, I. T.

The American Bell Telephone company will pay a dividend of $3 per share Oct. 15.

Conrad Kamel of Malden, Ills., was killed by the cars near South Bend Ind. He was on his way to Bremen, Germany, so visit his parents. Steamship tickets and $600 in currency were found in his pockets

W. L. Scott has improved so greatly while in Newport that a couple of members of his family returned to their home in Erie, Pa.

The Michigan M. E conference has voted 146 to 34 in favor of admitting women as delegates to general conference. The announcement of the result of the vote was greeted with applause.

Western lines will sell reduced rates to the Chicago exposition once a week.

A trusted clerk in the Berlin Mortgage bank has absconded with 378,000 marks.

H. M. Robinson of Atlanta, Ga., has been elected president of the National Association of Railway Postal Clerks.

Strikers boarded a Lake Erie and Western freight train near Lima, O., dumped the fire, let the water run out, and then uncoupled all the cars.

J. C. Heywood, a Harvard gradute of the degree of A. M., A. B., and LL. B., of the class of 1855, has been appointed by the pope one of his private chamberlains.

Miss Vera Ava, who was to interest herself in Chicago mission work, has disappeared very mysteriously.

It is reported that Andrew Carnegie and other iron and coke men are about to establish a steel plant on the Pacific coast.

Nellie, the 3-year-old daughter of ex-Alderman Spaan of Keokuk, Ia., was fatally burned while playing with fire.

J. J. Glasier of Mason City, Ia., was badly injured by a stone wall falling upon him, portions of it pinning him to the ground.

There was shipped to Mexico from Ottawa, Ills., Thursday, the first train load of fireproof material ever sent from one country to another.

James Yager, living near Henry, Ia., has been arrested for posting a letter to the Louisiana State Lottery company containing money for a ticket.

The Canadian house of parliament has refused to reduce the duty on sugar from .8 to .5 of a cent per pound by a majority of twenty-four.

Two white women are in jail at Atlanta for the murder of Alfred Kennedy.

The value of the Argentine wheat crop this season has been estimated at $60,000,000.

A fireman named Luby was crushed to death at a fire at Albany by a falling wall.

A doll that writes letters on a slate is a recent invention of a machinist in Nuremburg, Germany.

A baby born on a train in Tennessee one day last week has been named Romulus, after the sleeping car in which he first saw light.

People who live along the Nisqually river, Oregon, are compelled to pay 50 cents ferriage for crossing a stream no wider than a street.

Out of fifty-eight leading cities in the United States only three have a larger death rate than New York, they being Charleston, Hoboken and New Orleans.

The Illinois team won the Washburn trophy in the interstate rifle contest, scoring 2,677 points. Wisconsin made 2,669, Minnesota 2,582, and Iowa 2,538.

Articles have been signed for a finish fight between Cal McCarthy and Tommy Warren before the Olympic club of New Orleans Sept. 22.

Patrick Brown of Broken Bow, Neb., was killed by a vicious bull. The ground where he was found showed that a desperate struggle had taken place. The animal had been dehorned, consequently the body was not mutilated.

The state department has refused to grant a special passport to O'Donovan Rossa guaranteeing him immunity from arrest in Ireland on criminal charges.

George M. Allen, bookkeeper for Joseph H. McDonald, livery stable keeper at New Haven, has spent between $2,000 and $3,000 of his employer's money playing the races.

A case of small-pox has been found in the Polish quarter at Detroit, the child of a laborer being ill. The father refuses to allow the child to be removed to the pest-house.

Frank Beard hit Ashley Jones on the head with a baseball bat in a saloon row at St. Louis. Jones' injuries will probably prove fatal. Beard is under arrest.

Police stopped the Gibbons-McAuliffe fight at Hoboken in the sixth round. Referee Dunn awarded the fight to McAuliffe. McAuliffe had the best of the fight.

Clive Whiffen, aged 30 years, of Rock Island, Ills., committed suicide by blowing out his brains. He was depressed in mind through ill health.

Five persons, two of them brothers named Jackson, were drowned while crossing the St. Louis river at Cloquet, Minn.

Jesse Foster, the 6-year old grandson of James Foster, a farmer near Illiopolis, Ills., fell thirty feet from a barn roof and fractured his skull, fatally injuring him.

Kittie Allison, the 16 year-old daughter of a farmer living near Vandalia, Ills., drowned herself in the Okaw river. She left a note saying she was tired of life.

It would be a godsend to General Franz Sigel, says the New York Press, if the plan now being considered by his old comrades and German friends to raise a fund for him should be successful. With his eldest son insane as the climax of other misfortunes, the general's financial condition at 65 is any thing but comfortable.

Farmers and land-owners of St. Clair county, Ills., complain that their land has been assessed 30 per cent. higher than property in equally prosperous localities.

Henry A. Anderson, the man who purchased several farms in the vicinity of Carrollton, Ills., and expressed to the United States Bond company at Washington a package said to contain a bond for $100,000, has been indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Old Heads and Young Hearty," "The Charity Ball," "The Wife."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Merchant."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Abraham Lincoln."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Minna Gale.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Duff Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Still Alarm."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"One of the Bravest."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Lost in New York."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—"The Limited Mail."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—Tony Pastor.

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan avenue, Adams and Monroe streets. Open 8 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily except Sunday.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"JOHN GRACE," City—Your family is directly descended from Raymond Le Gros, the Norman Captain who came over with Strongbow. Many of the Graces have been good Irishmen—especially Col. Grace, who successfully defended Athlone against Gen. Douglas in 1690, and who fell, sword in hand, at the second siege of the place, directed by Gen. Ginkell, in 1691. The Colonel was in his 91st year, but still vigorous, when he was killed. The name Pierce, common in the Grace and Butler families, is from the Norman French, Piers,(Petes) called in modern French, Pierre. The Irish sounded the s as if written ce after r and hence Pierce. Edward II's chief male favorite—a dissolute ruffian—was called Piers de Gaveston.

"MARY B.," City—School teaching is the most respectable and independent calling that any poor, or rich, girl, for that matter, can follow in this city. Try and qualify for a position. As between working in a store, or in a hotel, domestic service is preferable, from the standpoint of safety and comfort. From the standpoint of personal pride, which is often a very empty sentiment, domestic service is not desirable, especially if a girl happens to be cranky or hot tempered.

"S.C.," City—When a man tells a malignant lie about a fellow man, and continues to go to mass and receive the sacraments, he is a sacrilegious wretch, and is certain to be damned, unless he repents before he dies. Some people believe that nothing is a crime except murder, and that even murder can be occasionally excused. To circulate a base slander about a fellow being is, in our opinion, on a par with willful murder.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

AMERICA VERSUS EUROPE.

"McKinley is the most unpopular man in Europe," comes to us daily, by cable, from across the Atlantic. We are sorry for Europe, but we are not sorry for McKinley. McKinley is an American, and he is to be judged from an American, not a European, standpoint. All of us in this country, politically, socially and materially considered, are Americans in all that that grand term implies. We have our racial sympathies, and our love for human liberty, and we would not deserve to be American citizens if we had not, but, from the national standpoint, we are the faithful children of our good Uncle Sam, and we will stand by him and his interests against all comers. We depend upon America for subsistence, and not upon Europe. We depend upon America for liberty, and not upon Europe. We depend upon America for respectability, and not upon Europe. The man who is unpopular in Europe should be popular in America.

We have the grand communion of forty-four states here, entirely free, without a custom house or an armed sentinel on any of their frontiers, as regards thir relations one with the other. We are opening up commercial relations with our sister republics south of the Rio Grande, and clear to the northern line of Terra del Fuego. Europe does not like that either. Again we are sorry for Europe, but we cannot help her tears. Mr. Blaine is also unpopular in Europe. All America knows that he is not unpopular, but the reverse, in the United States. McKinley's bill and Reciprocity may take the bread out of the mouth of Europe. Again we are sorry for Europe, but charity, in America as elsewhere, begins at home. We may deprive British and continental artisans of the means of living, because of our national economic policy, but all who cannot make ends meet in Europe, and who have an honest and industrial purpose in coming here, are welcome to our shores. They will add to our manufacturing skill, to our produce consumption, and, consequently, to our wealth. We cannot help old Europe if she is displeased with us. It is not the first time that she has been so, and we have been able, under God and with our good swords, to get along without her.

The people who have come here from Europe don't appear to be "dead struck" on going back again—not even the British, who are, undoubtedly, the most fanatical home lovers in the world. But the British appetite is, very frequently, superior to the British sentiment. All other European immigrants love America for herself—for her beauty, her glory, her grandeur, her vastness. She is a nation to be proud of, because she has been the creation not of one race but of all races of men.

Shallow men have threatened in Europe that our "unfriendly legislation," as they are pleased to call the McKinley bill, will result in crippling European exhibits at the coming World's Fair What idiocy! Europe will come to the Fair, because she knows it will be good for her to come. She will not come as a matter of charity to us, nor would we want her in that spirit. Otherwise she is heartily welcome, as are also all the other divisions of the Old World. But if all Europe were to remain away, this great continent—these great continents we should have written—of which the United States is the head and front, would make a showing by itself that would make Europe stare. As a nation we run too much after Europe. We are too fond of cobwebs and dry bones—of Canterbury Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. We have spoiled Europe by our childish attentions.

We sell over 90 per cent of the produce we raise on American soil at our own doors. We have the largest home market the world has ever seen, and it will, of course, grow larger as we grow more populous. Europe never buys anything from us out of sheer good will. She buys from us because she has to, and this is particularly the case with Great Britain. She looks to us for a large proportion of her food, and she will look to us, in that direction, more this year than ever. It is not for love of us that she buys what surplus produce we raise and export. She would rather buy from any other country in the world, except Russia, than from us. Her hatred of us is the hatred of incurable jealousy—the most deadly of all hatreds, whether exhibited by an individual or by a nation.

We believe strongly in American self reliance. We do not believe in what sophists term "a Chinese wall." We have no need of any such defense. But we do believe in rationally protecting every American industry with which the cheap labor of Europe competes. We believe also in protecting American labor, and in restraining, by law, greedy employers who seek, or would seek, to degrade labor in America to Europe's level. When farmers obtain larger prices for their produce, as they are sure to, owing to the failure of the European crops and the splendid fulness of our own, retail prices are bound to be higher in the cities. There is really no necessity that they should be so, but dealers are sure to make them so. We believe in the prosperity of the farmer, and we believe he is entitled to getting the very best price he can for what he raises, but we also believe in keeping the wages of the working classes correspondingly high to compensate for the increased cost of living. The farming interest is not the only interest to be looked after in this republic.

Much as has been said about the hardships entailed by the McKinley bill—and we ourselves have said that it was introduced at a very ill considered time—the country has not gone to the devil under it. On the contrary, prosperity would appear to be upon the increase. The rank and file of the American people have not suffered by it, but those who drink expensive wines and smoke dollar cigars have. They can stand it. The bill, tested by time, is not an evil. It has not proven a failure. It is, as its author declared in congress, an American bill, and not intended to please any other people than the American people.

REBEL AGAINST "REBEL."

THE CITIZEN was astonished at reading the following violent and bigoted editorial paragraph in the Nashville *American* of the 4th inst.:

"Patrick Egan, the untamed dynamiter and Clan na Gael patriot, who became a citizen of the United States just in time and just for the purpose of getting an office, has contrived to make himself thoroughly detested by the people of Chili, and to involve the United States in his own deserved unpopularity. The sending of this red mouthed ruffian as a representative of this government, was a disgrace to the administration and to the whole country, and if the new Chilian government should request his recall the people of the United States would not resent it."

As the Nashville *American* has always been a friend of the Irish national cause, THE CITIZEN is obliged to conclude that the offensive diatribe quoted emanated from some irresponsible person around the office of our esteemed contemporary, and not from the chief editor. People who themselves "tried the rebel game" against their legitimate government, and who spared no effort, moral or immoral, to break it up, should be the last to hurl epithets at any Irishman who, like Mr. Egan, risked everything he possessed to overthrow the illegitimate government of Ireland by England. To those who know Mr. Egan personally the vulgar and brutal description of him as "a red mouthed ruffian" will seem the acme of absurdity. A more courtly gentleman than Minister Egan cannot be found in American society, South or North. The "red mouth" term is an old knownothing slur used against people of the Irish race. All healthy white men have "red mouths," so that the term is an involuntary compliment to the natural comeliness of the Irish people, whose gums and lips do not generally display the blueness and pallor which arise from an unhealthy condition of the system. The use of impolite language reflects only upon those who resort to it. As Mr. Egan's public acts have been vindicated by more recent advices from Chili, it would be the part of manhood for the Nashville *American* to apologize for the harsh and bitter language directed by it against that gentleman.

THE YOUNG IRELAND LEAGUE.

The National Club of Dublin has a membership of some 3,000 men, drawn from the intelligent element of the population of Dublin, of all classes. It is founded on thoroughly national principles and has enjoyed a phenomenal success. A convention called under its auspices assembled in the widowed capital of Ireland on Thursday, and was largely attended by members of the National, Young Ireland and other clubs, having a common object in view. It established an association to be called the "Young Ireland League," and adopted the following excellent programme:

(1). Ireland a Nation.
(2) To carry into effect the principles of the Young Ireland movement; and for these purposes to promote—
(a) Independent National Opinion.
(b) The establishment of public libraries, and also of other libraries and reading-rooms, in connection with all National Organizations.
(c) The knowledge of Irish Resources.
(d) The support of Irish Industries.
(e) The study and circulation of Irish Literature.
(f) The cultivation of Irish Music.
(g) The advancement of Irish Art.
(h) Acquaintance with Irish Antiquities, Archæology, and Scenery.
(i) The extension of the Irish Language.
(j) The reform of the Primary School system.
(k) The formation of classes in the provincial towns and villages, by which a knowledge of the above subjects may be imparted to youth.

This, certainly, is a propaganda to admire, and one which would give joy to the heart of Thomas Davis, were that able and intense patriot now living. It will be noticed that every chord which can be vibrated in the Irish national heart will be touched—something long needed and sadly neglected by those who had the power to stir the depths of the nation's soul, and failed to make use of it. The news here given will be grateful to the eyes of the Rev. Father Keegan, Thomas O'Neill Russell, Dr. Douglas Hyde and other gentlemen who have long advocated the cultivation of Irish National spirit. We hope they will give the new movement their powerful aid.

SUGGESTING A PROTESTANT POPE.

The Buffalo, N. Y., *Catholic Union and Times* says: "We are told that the opposition to the Protestant Cathedral is lessening because 'the ignorance as to what it really involves' is subsiding. The next thing the progressive brethren should strive to get, is something similar to St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. Its presiding clergyman need not be called Pope. Nor shall he have authority to teach orthodox Christianity. He might, at least on rare occasions, act as president of all the dissenting Christians. The times are favorable for the creation of such an officer. There is a decided yearning for unity in Christendom. General councils are held in such universal esteem that the most heated theological disputants dare not assail them. As soon as Protestants have a Pope, they can have general councils of their own. A Protestant council might proceed most harmoniously by preventing theological opinions from coming up for consideration. A Protestant Pope need not live in Rome. London would be a more congenial place for him. If he could be competed for, Chicago would undoubtedly secure him. This may be premature speculation, but a Protestant papacy will become a topic of the day as soon as 'the ignorance as to what it really involves' subsides."

THE CITIZEN begs leave to assure its esteemed contemporary that if Chicago were to go to work in earnest, she could secure not alone the Protestant Pope but also the Catholic Pope as a resident. The sovereign pontiff, Leo XIII, is experiencing such annoyances at the hands of his Italian countrymen, that Chicago, with its pure air, cool climate, freedom from dirt, smoke and other evils which grievously affect most great cities, would be a delightful change. Rome, of course, has her glorious traditions, but Chicago is not alone a great city of today. She is also destined to be the greatest city of the future—broad enough to accomodate all the Popes, Catholic and Protestant, and also that Pope of no particular creed, or no creed whatever, "Bob" Ingersoll. If it were a question of securing a lay Pope, Chicago is already well supplied, and need not compete with any other city in that respect.

MR. LANE ELECTED SUPERINTENDENT.

Mr. A. G. Lane, at present Superintendent of the Public Schools of Cook county, was elected Superintendent of the City schools at a meeting of the Board of Education last Wednesday evening. Mr. Lane was born in Chicago in 1841, and has been identified with the educational interests of this city and county during most of his life. He has been several times elected superintendent of county schools, and suffered only one political defeat during his career. Mr. Lane is a man of fine presence and charming manners. His great experience in the past will serve him well in his new position. He will assume the duties of his latest office about the middle of October.

THE English and the Russians do a great deal of growling at each other, but seem to be about as far from coming to blows as ever. Both have bad and barbarous governments, but, of the two, Russia is the honester. Americans, who go into hysterics about Russia's cruelty to the Poles and the Jews, seem to forget England's cruelty to the Irish. If both governments would fight to the death, humanity would be greatly benefitted.

Two of our esteemed daily contemporaries in this city are engaged in a war relative to the merits and demerits of the late Thomas Jefferson. The Americans of his own day elected Thomas President of the United States, and surely they were better acquainted with him than the warring editors. There must have been some thing good in Jefferson or his people would not have elected him. As to the authorship of the Declaration of Independence, which one of our esteemed contemporaries claims to have been written by one George Mason, of Virginia, we would respectfully suggest that as, no doubt, Mason and Jefferson were friends as well as neighbors, the latter may have inspired the former as Bacon is supposed to have inspired Shakespeare. Nothing can settle the dispute but the production of another "great cryptogram."

THE CRISIS IN EUROPE.

[To the *Editor.*]

A general European war is daily becoming more probable. Germany and France are ready. Russia is massing troops on Austria's frontier. The Dardanelles affair is exciting England, but has no interest for Germany unless it cements an alliance with England. The latter threatens to repeat her tactics at Alexandria by bombarding Constantinople. But the two cases are unlike. If Salisbury remains in office he may commit the blunder of attacking Turkey. To try to exclude Russia from ingress and egress of the Black Sea is superlative folly, of which the Conservatives only, as a party could be capable.

On Russia's side would be Turkey and the suggested confederation of the new Balkan states, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro and Bulgaria. All have interests to serve in combining in support of Russia in an attack on Austria. The hour of Austria's doom was struck at Sadowa in 1866. She is the "sick woman" of Europe, and is certain to be dismembered. She will lose Bosnia to Servia and Montenegro, Gallicia to Russia, and her Dreibund friends will take from her the south German provinces and those demanded by the Irredentists.

In view of these events, how stands Ireland? She is distracted over the puerile question of who is her parliamentary leader. What figure will parliamentary agitation cut in the coming cataclysm? During the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny, Ireland was distracted similarly. She began to organize after the favorable opportunity was past. She seems about to repeat her shameful history now. Parnell's term has almost expired. He is out of the question unless he develops into a National leader of the Robert Emmet stamp. England would wish nothing better than that the Parnell and the anti-Parnell wrangle should be kept up for two years. England would like to have Irish effort misled by the McCarthys and Healys and Hennessys, till the crisis is over. The true Irish leader is he who is alive to the events about to happen, and who persuades the Irish people to prepare without losing a moment.

In America there are Irishmen who are not blinded by passion, and who forsee coming events. They should draw together and prepare for action. The duty of the hour is not to express confidence in Parnell or Healy, but to prepare to take advantage of England's difficulty. If Irish societies have to take up new objects and reform their constitutions, why not recast themselves altogether and adopt a new name? Most important national work can be done in the very near future if the earnest men will get together and do what is obviously before them. We cannot depend on the Irish people to take the initiative, but if we commence they will do their part. If Ireland were ready she would be able now to demand Home Rule, not to beg for it.

This European war will not last very long. Two or three months will probably be its limit. But it will change the map, and probably to England's disadvantage. Now, it is a demonstrated fact that what ever weakens or humiliates or imperils England is, under the present relations, a direct benefit to Ireland. This is not the time for the United States to adopt the craven policy of offering an arbitrator the power of denying our rights to our own fur seals. It is the duty of the people of America to decide the question whether they believe the seals in the Alaska preserves belong to them or to every Canadian poacher. And if the people decide that these seals are ours, then let our secretary of state say so, and add that we shall insist on this interpretation, come what may No Republican can be elected president in 1892 who concedes England's claim to poach in our preserves. W.

HYMENEAL.

WHITGREAVE-MULLIGAN.

Mr. C. S. Whitgreave, manager of the Henry Dibblee company, and Miss J. Adele Mulligan, daughter of the late Col. James A. Mulligan and of Mrs. Marian A. Mulligan, all of this city, were married at St. James' Catholic church at 7:30 o'clock last Wednesday evening, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, assisted by the Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor of the church, and by the Rev. Father Roberts, of New York. Much interest was manifested in the happy event. Over 2,000 church invitations had been issued, and the sacred edifice was thronged to its utmost capacity. It was beautifully decorated and brilliantly illuminated, and all the surroundings of the wedding were among the most imposing witnessed in Chicago for many years.

Harrison Wild, at the organ, played appropriate music, until Archbishop Feehan donned his vestments at the altar, and eighteen acolytes passed down the aisle; then the organist broke into the strains of the "Lohengrin" wedding march, for the wedding party had entered, and headed by the acolytes proceeded to the altar. First the ushers—John Holland, Grebble Kilies, James Russell, Edward Boynton, J. Stafford White, Charles Stevens, Eugene Bournique, Carlton Reeve, Cleveland, O.; then eight bridesmaids, as fair a bevy as ever graced a church—Misses Caulfield, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Josephine Calnon, Detroit, Mich.; Mamie Hooley, Chicago; Lilian Edson, Detroit, Mich.; Nellie Healy, Juanita Baldwin and Sara White. Miss Alice Mulligan, sister of the bride and maid of honor, came next walking alone, then the bride's nephew, John C. Carroll, Jr., a handsome six year old boy, carrying the wedding ring on a white satin cushion. Behind him, gravely hand in hand, were two four year old little ones, James Mulligan Carroll and Miss Isabella Clarke. Lastly the bride, who was met at the altar by Mr. Whitgreave and his best man, George Nawn.

The costumes were very exquisite; that of the tall and stately bride was wrought of cream white satin and brocade, the bodice plain, and trimmed about the round neck with chiffon, the sleeves and full court train of the brocade. The front of the skirt was of brocade, cut in battlements, showing the plain satin beneath, the battlements and seams of the bodice outlined by a narrow pearl passementerie. The sides of the skirt were of plain satin. The long wedding veil of tulle was fastened by a great pearl of irregular shape, around which twined a salamander of diamonds. This, together with the magnificent necklace and pendant of diamonds which the bride wore, was an heirloom in the groom's family. The bridegroom's especial wedding gift was a double knot of gold set with a solitaire diamond and blue enamel. The bouquet was a cluster of lilies of the valley. The maid of honor's gown was of Nile green bengaline, with a brocade bodice. She carried American beauty roses. The bridesmaids were two in heliotrope, with yellow roses; two in blue, with Jacqueminot roses; two in pink, with La France roses, and two in yellow, with Marechal Niels. The color was contributed by the silken Louis XVI. coats, worn over decollete gowns of white mousseline de soie over silk, the gowns being fac similes of one another. White shirred hats, with artistic bunches of ostrich feathers, completed a bewitching tout ensemble.

The bridemaids wore each, as souvenir pin, a four leafed clover made of heart shaped moonstones, tipped with pearl. The gentlemen's souvenir pins were double knots of gold, and the maid of honor wore a pendant, a clover blossom with diamond center. The two little boys were dressed alike as pages in French knickerbockers and cutaway coats of crystal silk, silk and lace blouse, white silk stockings, and patent leather shoes with quaint silver buckles. Little Isabella Clarke wore an empire gown of white silk, demitrained, and dainty as her own wee self.

Mrs. Mulligan mother of the bride, wore black velvet en traine, and trimmed with cut jet. Mrs. Carroll, sister of the bride, wore silver gray brocade, embroidered with ivory white bows and knots, Louis Seize fashion, and trimmed with ivory satin.

When the nuptial ceremony was concluded, the bridal party filed down the aisle to the music of Mendelssohn's wedding march, and proceeded to the residence of the bride's mother, No. 3,000 Prairie avenue, where a reception was given to the clergy and the intimate friends of the family.

Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Charles Nugent, M. J. Russell, Meek, M. Nugent, Robert Owens, Macdonald, J. J. Abererombie, A. J. Robbins, Russell (Minn.); Mesdames E. Lewis, Earl, Owens, Colby; Misses Nugent, Kittie Russell, Owens, Mabel Robbins, Macdonald, Kate Carroll; Messrs. James Macdonald, Ray Macdonald, Father Dowling, Father McGuire, Father Gill, Seth Earl, Wm. F. Carroll, Father Muldoon, Father Riordan, G. T. Carroll, Most Rev. Abp. Feehan, Father Van Pelt. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Whitgreave left on an eastern tour, and will be absent several weeks. They will be at home to their friends at their residence, No. 3234 Vernon avenue, in the latter part of November.

An Important Meeting.

The municipal council of the Chicago National League met Sunday afternoon in Judge McConnell's chambers in the county building. Representatives were present from nearly every ward league in the city. The meeting was called by Daniel Corkery, state representative of the League.

The call for the national convention to be held in Chicago Oct. 1 and 2 issued by John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, Neb., president of the National League, was read, as was a telegram from J. P. Sutton, secretary of the National League, giving to Daniel Corkery, Illinois state delegate, full charge of the arrangements for the convention.

The president was given power to appoint a committee of ten to assist Mr. Corkery, and also to communicate with the presidents of the ward leagues and notify them to call meetings and appoint delegates to a meeting of the council to be held at McCoy's hotel this (Saturday) evening, September 19, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of furthering the arrangements for the convention.

P. W. Nally Testimonial Fund.

An enthusiastic meeting of Irish Nationalists was held at Cline's Hall, corner of Huron and Wells street, on Sunday, September 13, for the purpose of getting up a testimonial to present to Mr. Nally on his release from imprisonment. The meeting was called to order by A. G. Duggan, who opened the proceedings by eulogizing, for his services in the cause of Ireland, Mr. P. W. Nally. On motion the following were elected permanent officers: M. J. Keane, chairman; A. G. Duggan, vice chairman; Thomas Cline, treasurer; John Ansbro, recording secretary; James M. McLaughlin, financial secretary. On taking the chair Mr. Keane made a very able speech, going into the history of Mr. Nally's services to the cause of Ireland, and his manly and patriotic stand against the oppressors of his race. Mr. Keane's speech was enthusiastically received by all present. A subscription list was then opened, and was most generously responded to. Committees were appointed for the different districts of the city, authorized to receive subscriptions. All subscriptions will be acknowledged through THE CITIZEN. The meeting then adjourned to meet again on Sunday next, September 20, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the same place. A full attendance is requested.

The Dog's Attachment to Man.

It has often been mooted as a vexed question why all men of genius or greatness are so fond of dogs. The reason is not for to seek. Those who are great or eminent in any way find the world full of parasites, toadies, liars, fawners, hypocrites; the incorruptible candor, loyalty, and honor of the dog are to such like water in a barren place to the thirsty traveler. The sympathy of your dog is unfailing and unobtrusive. If you are sad, so is he; and if you are merry, none is so willing to leap and laugh with you as he. For your dog you are never poor; for your dog you are never old; whether you are in a palace or a cottage he do s not care; and fall you as low as you may, you are his providence and his idol still. The attachment of the dog to man outweighs and almost obliterates attachment in him to his own race. There is something shocking to our high opinion of him in the callousness with which he will sniff at the stiff body of a brother dog; he will follow his master to the grave, and sometimes die on it; but the loss of his own kind leaves him unmoved. I never knew more than one exception to this; it was, however, a noteworthy one. I had two puppies of the Molussus, commonly called the Maremma, breed; large, white, very beautiful dogs, with long hair; varying in size between a Newfoundland and a collie; the old Greek race of watch dogs to which, quite certainly, Argos belonged. These puppies, named Pan and Paris, lived together, fed, played, and were never separated for a moment for seven months. In the seventh month Paris fell ill of distemper and died. Now, by my own observation I can declare that Pan nursed his brother as assiduously as any boy could have nursed another; licked him, cleaned him, brought him tempting bits to eat; did all that he could think of, and when his brother at last lay there cold and unresponsive to his efforts, his grief and astonishment were painful to see. From that time he ceased to play; from being a very lively dog he grew grave and sad; he had a wistful, wondering inquiry in his eyes which it was pathetic to behold; and although he lived for many years after, and was as happy as a dog can be, he never recovered his spirits; he had buried his in the grave of Paris. Something was lost for him with his brother which he never regained. This is the only instance I have known of a dog's love for another dog.—*From "Dogs and their Affections," in North American Review for September.*

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father Burke, of St. Columbkille's, has arrived home, greatly benefited by his vacation.

Father P. J. Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese, has gone east for a brief vacation, and will spend most of the time at the scene of his boyhood's home in Providence, R.I.

The Young Men's association of Holy Name parish, under the spiritual direction of the Rev. Father Perry, is arranging for a mission retreat to all the young men of Holy Name parish.

Work has been commenced on the new tower of the Church of the Immaculate Conception on North Franklin street. The blessing and setting in position of the stone cross will take place Sunday, Sept. 20, the ceremony beginning at 10 o'clock a.m., to be followed by high mass and a special sermon.

During last week a mission was in progress at St. Pius' church under the direction of the Rev. Father Robert. This week's exercises were exclusively for the women of the flock and consisted of instructions and devotions after a 5 o'clock mass. There was rosary, sermon and benediction at 7:30 every evening.

St. Jarlath's schools, since the addition of the new building and the improvement of the old one, rank with those of any other parish in the city. A goodly sum of money is still required to pay for the improvements, and Father Cashman has devised a series of entertainments to raise the money.

The bazaar held under the auspices of St. Brendan's congregation at Meyer's hall, Sixty third and State streets, met with great success. A concert was given each evening and the contests for a gold-headed cane between R. C. Givins and O.E Lamphere, and a gold watch between Miss Kelly and Miss O'Neil, were very exciting and spirited.

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, curative power superior to any other article of the kind.

HOME TO IRELAND.

BY FRANK FAHY.

And is it true I'll see once more
The scenes of long ago?
The skies, the valley, and the shore
Whose every hue I know,
The purple of the heather hills,
The ever-changing sea,
Whose memory my bosom fills,
My Erin oge machree.

Oh, sure, a gloomy prison seemed
This strange and loveless land,
And shadows vain its pageants gleamed,
So wondrous and so grand;
And never all their pomp and show
Could win heart's love from me—
I gave it to thee long ago,
My Erin oge machree.

To thee I was forever true
(Constant in this alone):
Thy friends—the only friends I knew,
Thine enemy—my own.
The poor, best gift I had—a song,
I freely gave to thee,
Its theme—thy beauty and thy wrong,
My Erin oge machree.

I dreamt of thee the lonesome night,
And thought the toil-filled day—
No present hue of dark or bright
Could match the far-away.
The moon that through the midnight moved
I joyed alone to see—
It whispered of a land I loved,
My Erin oge machree.

The young friends that I knew are gone,
The grass grows o'er the old,
Dimmed are the eyes that lovelit shone,
And warm hearts have grown cold,
Through happy homes the winds make moan,
The cattle wander free,
All things are changed save thee alone,
My Erin oge machree.

The sun still lights upon thy hills
And smiles along thy shore,
And laughing leap the rippling rills
That laughing leaped of yore.
The blackbird's note is blithe as when
It filled my soul with glee,
I was as blithe and careless then,
My Erin oge machree.

I'll seek thee in the dewy glen
And by the sounding wave,
And hear thy kindly voice again
In flood and tree and cave,
I'll feel again the olden joy
I felt when, at thy knee,
I laughed the light laugh of a boy,
My Erin oge machree.

I'll tell thee of true hearted sons
Who live beyond the main,
Whose path of life unsoiled runs
The way of toil and pain,
Yet work, nor want, nor wealth, nor fame,
Could win their thoughts from thee,
Death finds upon their lips the name
Of Erin oge machree.

I'll tell thee, too, of daughters fond
Who hoard their scanty wage
To send the sev'ring seas beyond
To ease the hours of age.
Alas! to think their hard won meed
Should only destined be
To glut a heartless tyrant's greed,
My Erin oge machree.

I'll tell thee of the hope that fills
Each exile's yearning heart,
That soon above thy night of ills
The brooding clouds shall part;
That God, in whom alone they trust,
Shall lift unsullied, free,
Their motherland from out the dust,
My Erin oge machree.

God guard thee, Erin of my love!
God save thee, stricken land!
And grant me from His throne above
This mercy at His hand—
That when He calls me to my rest
That no earth dawn shall see,
I'll sigh my heart out on thy breast,
My Erin oge machree.

—*United Ireland.*

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

William O'Brien writes an article "From Among the Clouds in Ireland," in the London *Speaker*. The weather has been dreadfully wet in Ireland lately. Please wipe your eyes, William, and come down. Give the poor people a chance to dry their clothes.

The amnesty meeting in Phœnix park, Dublin, on Aug. 30, was a magnificent success. It was held under the auspices of the Political Prisoners Amnesty Association of which Mr. Parnell is president.

Dr. Burke, Claremorris, died recently. He was the son of John F. Burke, coroner, Westport.

A large house is at present in course of construction in Narrow West street, one of the leading thoroughfares in Drogheda, and a few days ago a remarkable discovery was made by the workmen. After excavating about ten feet beneath the surface the workmen displaced a large flag stone, under which a subterranean passage was discovered. One of the workmen took a long crowbar and failed to touch bottom with the end of it. All the surface water which originally passed through the sewer now drains into the underground passage referred to. It is considered that this discovery reveals one of the subterranean passages for which old Drogheda was famous. One of these subterranean passages extended from the town to Mellifont Abbey, where Dervorghall, the wife of O'Rourk, Prince of Breffni, ended her earthly career.

The half yearly meeting of the Drapers-town Railway Company was held in Belfast. The report showed a balance of £116 5s. 8d on the right side.

James McKiver and his wife were charged at the Coagh (Newtownards) petty sessions with dangerously assaulting a woman named Brennon. The accused were returned for trial to the Dungannon quarter sessions.

Following are the names of persons suffering sentences of penal servitude in England and Ireland as a consequence of conviction for treason felony: Penal servitude for life, Chatham—Thos. Gallagher, John Curtis, Timothy Featherstone, Henry Dalton, James McCullagh, Thos. Devaney, Peter Callaghan, Henry McCann, Terence McDermott, and James G. Gilbert; Penal servitude for life, Portland—Albert G. Whitehead, Henry H. Wilson, Patrick Flanagan, John Daly, and Harry Burton; Twenty years, Portland—James F. Egan, sentenced July 29, 1884

A public meeting was held at Castlejordan, about five miles distant from Edenderry, which was largely attended by the supporters of Mr. Parnell.

An impressive religious ceremony took place in the chapel attached to the Convent of Mercy in Catherine street, Newry, the occasion being the profession of two young ladies into the order of the Sisters of Mercy. The names of the ladies are Miss Mary Murphy, daughter of the late Mr. Stephen Murphy, of Cork (in religion Sister Mary Finbar), and Miss Bridget McArdle, Camlough, county Armagh (in religion Sister Mary Lorentio). The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. McGivern, bishop of the diocese.

Mr. Francis Edgar Kearney, Moderator, LL.B., University of Dublin, only son of Mr. Francis Kearney, solicitor, Limerick, was sworn in a solicitor of the supreme court of judicature.

Mr. P. W. O'Donovan, son of Mrs. C. O'Donovan, Sovereign street, Clonakilty, county Cork, was also sworn in as a solicitor before the lord chancellor. Mr. O'Donovan served his apprenticeship to Messrs. T. R. Wright & Son, Clonakilty, and intends to practice in his native town.

On Aug. 21, the sheriff of Wexford received the writ for the election of coroner of North Wexford, in place of the late Mr. John Murphy, J.P. Already there are eight candicates in the field, three solicitors and five doctors. The names of the candidates who have issued addresses are Dr. Keating, Clonroche; Dr. Murphy, Killane; Dr. Ryan, Oulart; Dr. Greene, Ferns; Dr. Acheson, Ballycanew; Mr. Scott, solicitor, Gorey; Mr. Healy, solicitor, Wexford, and Mr. O'Dempsey, solicitor, Enniscorthy.

Early on the morning of Aug. 25, the police searched for arms in the houses of several farmers in the Woodford district They went through several fields, and trampled on the corn, but nothing was discovered.

The Very Rev. Father General of the Society of Jesus has made the following changes in the Irish province of his order: The Very Rev. M. Devitt, S.J., late rector of Belvedere College, to be rector of Clongowes Wood College; the Very Rev. T. Head, S.J., late rector of Mungret College, to be rector of the Sacred Heart College, Limerick; the Very Rev. T. Wheeler, S.J., of University College, to be rector of Belvedere College; the Very Rev. Vincent Byrne, S.J., to be rector of Mungret College, Limerick; the Very Rev. D Gallery, S.J., to be rector of St. Ignatius' College, Galway.

The Most Rev. Dr. McAlister, bishop of Down and Connor, consecrated the Church of St. Comgall, Bangor, Aug. 30.

Two large whales were driven into shallow water, on the coast of Clare Island during the storm of Aug. 24 and 25, and were harpooned and captured by the hardy islanders. They measured 26 and 25½ feet in length, and are calculated to weigh over eleven tons each.

On the night of Aug. 20, a gatekeeper named Ruane, in the employment of Mr. D. A. Browne, D.L., Breagy House, near Castlebar, was savagely attacked by a tramp, who entered the gatekeeper's house at a late hour. When Ruane endeavored to put him out, the tramp caught hold of a smoothing iron and struck him on the head, inflicting several dangerous wounds. He was arrested.

On Aug. 24, at Bullock Park, near Killala, a woman named Corcoran attempted to commit suicide by putting a rope round her neck, tying it to a beam in the house and springing from a table. But for the timely arrival of some persons who were passing, the unfortunate woman would have succeeded in her suicidal design.

At the Killarney petty sessions M. R. Leeson sued Timothy Donoghue, a former tenant of his, for the possession of certain lands and premises situated at Killaser, held under a caretaker's agreement. Mr. Moriarty, solicitor for the defendant, asked for a case to be stated, which was granted.

A returned emigrant named Patrick M'Quade, who landed at Queenstown from Boston, was brought before Major Curry, J.P., at the petty sessions court, and committed to the Cork District Lunatic Asylum as a dangerous lunatic. He had been living twenty years in Boston, Mass.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

You cannot be too particular about the medicines you use. When you need a blood purifier, be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify, and vitalize every drop of blood in your body. It makes the weak strong.

A Catholic President.

[*New South, September 12.*]

Since the New York *Sun* recently began the discussion of the availability of a Catholic for the presidency of the United States, the question has been pretty thoroughly aired pro and con in both the secular and religious press. There is certainly nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent a Catholic from being president, providing he receives the nomination and the required number of votes. There is very little probability, however, of seeing such an honor conferred upon a Catholic, although we compose one sixth of the entire population of this country, and are the largest religious denomination here. It is all very well to say that religion cuts no figure in politics, and that Catholics and Protestants stand on equal footing. As a matter of fact we know that this is not true. If it were why has it been that no Catholic has ever been mentioned, much less elected, to this high office? How is it that men of nearly every Protestant sect have filled the office? It certainly is not attributable to lack of ability or fitness in citizens of Catholic belief. Why is it, then? Prejudice; nothing more nor less. The day may come, however, when religious bigotry will cease to bar from the highest office in the gift of the people men professing the same grand old faith as he who discovered Columbia, and first planted in her virgin soil the sacred emblem of man's redemption.

CASUALTIES IN IRELAND.

On August 20, the Flying Spirit, a North Wall tug boat, when in Dublin bay, picked up the dead body of a man which was floating face upturned. The deceased was respectably dressed, and wore a gold watch and chain and ring. Valuable property was also found in his clothes. The remains were landed at George's quay, and the police conveyed them to Dublin morgue. The deceased had apparently not been long in the water. The remains were identified by Miss Alice Bulger as those of Michael George Roe, aged 45 years, of 36 South Great George's street, a bootmaker. He had also shops in George's street, Kingstown, and Main street Bray. He was last seen about ten days previous, and was a native of Ardee. The deceased wore a yachting costume.

A laborer named Henry Walsh was found dead in his bedroom, at Caherlaheen, on the morning of August 19. Deceased had been in the employment of a farmer named Carroll O'Sullivan. He attended the Tralee races the previous day, returned to his master's house in due time that night, and retired to bed apparently in his usual health, and next morning was found dead in his room. His death is attributed to heart disease.

A farmer named John Fitzpatrick attended the last Hilltown fair, and purchased a horse there. While harnessing him in the evening the animal kicked him, knocking him down, and inflicting serious injuries. A doctor was promptly sent for, but before his arrival Fitzpatrick had expired.

On August 17, an old man named Peter Sullivan, aged 85 years, died suddenly at the residence of his nephew, 67 Bride street, Dublin, whither he had gone on a visit.

An old man named Edward Moore, residing at 53 Spencer avenue, Dublin, was killed by falling down a staircase at No. 63 Lower Sheriff street, on August 17 Moore, who was engaged at plastering in the house, missed his footing while descending the stairs, and fell to the bottom When found he was unconscious, and died shortly afterwards from the effects of his injuries.

A seaman named Burns, of the steamer Foam, of the Irish Lights service, a native of Dublin, was recently drowned at Castletown Berehaven, while engaged attaching a chain to a buoy.

Mr. Sexton had rather a nasty accident while driving in the Strand, London, on the evening of the 15th ult. In the rush of theatre going traffic, his cab horse stumbled and fell, and Mr. Sexton was thrown violently against the cab door. His forehead was considerably bruised, and he was much shaken, but no bones were broken.

Mr. John Malone, coroner, held an inquest recently on the body of a man named Edward McGladrigan, employed by McKenzie & Co., whiskey rectifiers, Donoghmore. He was coming into Dungannon on business, and ran after a horse and cart to get a seat. Immediately after taking his seat he dropped dead in the cart, and was carried home. The jury returned a verdict of death from heart disease.

On August 20, Wetherald's court, off Bridge street, Wexford, was the scene of a terrible accident John Mahoney, aged about nine years; Edward Sheridan, aged eight years; James Barlow, aged eight years; Mary Mahony, aged seven and a half, and W. Neill, aged about eight years, were left in the house of Christopher Murphy, in Wetherald's court, while their parents were away pulling flax on the North Sloblands, and left the little ones in charge of Mary Murphy. It would appear that this woman left the children for a short time, and during her absence one of them found a rocket which had been left behind after the exhibition of fireworks on the evening of the recent Wexford regatta. The children must have put the rocket in the fire, or otherwise set fire to it, for a terrible explosion occurred, by which three of the boys were either instantly killed or died in a few hours after. Mary Mahony was terribly mangled about the neck and face, and rendered entirely blind, the doctors have no hopes of her recovery. The other child, Willie Neill, who was playing with the others in the room, ran away at the first blast from the rocket, and fortunately escaped unhurt. It is a singular circumstance that none of the injured children belong to Murphy, in whose house they were placed for safety, all his own children having been at school that day.

A young man named Andrew Ryan was accidently shot near Urlingford on Sunday evening, August 16, through the careless handling of a gun by a companion named Campion, who was talking to him at the time. Ryan expired a few hours after the occurrence, but he was able to make a deposition stating that the occurrence was purely accidental.

A very sudden death occurred at Glenboy, near Manorhamilton, on August 15. A man named Maguire, who was a hand on a farm there, went out to his work as usual. In a short time after he was found dead in the field, with blood flowing from his mouth and nostrils, brain hemorrhage being the cause of his death, according to medical opinion. Maguire was a middle aged man, and leaves a wife and family.

A very sad and sudden death occurred recently at Newtown, the deceased being the wife of a farmer named James Doyle, of Ballywilliam, and the mother of a large family. She was a native of the Rower, was about sixty years old, and had gone to Newtown to attend the wake of a niece of hers, who had just died. Mrs. Doyle was no sooner inside the house in which her niece lay dead, than she was struck down by a sudden attack of heart disease, from which, for some time past, she had been suffering. She was conveyed to the adjoining house of a friend, and was scarcely inside the door when she died. Her husband had left that morning for the fair at Kilkenny, where he was engaged when the news of his wife's sudden death reached him.

A sad case of drowning occurred in Queenstown harbor recently. Private O'Connell and three other privates of the Manchester regiment, were returning in a small boat to their station on Rocky Island. The weather was very stormy and the boat capsized. Its occupants were thrown into the water. O'Connell, who was a fine swimmer, brought two of his companions safely to shore, and afterwards struckout boldly to save the life of the third. But in doing so he sank from exhaustion and was drowned. Help subsequently arrived, and the third soldier was rescued from his perilous position.

An inquest was held recently at Glanworth by Coroner Byrne, relative to the death of Michael Sullivan, Fermoy, who died from injuries received, as alleged in a quarrel on August 29. District Inspector Fausset, Mitchelstown, appeared on behalf of the crown. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased and a man named Mahony lodged in Mrs. Kelly's house, Glanworth. On that evening they were drinking together at Bourke's public house. On returning to their lodgings they went into the back yard. Mrs Kelly heard Sullivan saying some one was "the decentest man" in that part of the country. Mahony called him a liar. Mrs. Kelly, hearing Sullivan screaming, went into the yard and saw him laying on the ground. He said Mahoney knocked him down, kicked, and "killed" him. Sullivan had drink taken but Mahony was sober. Sullivan lingered in great pain until 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Drs. Ahearne and Byrne deposed that death resulted from fracture of the small intestines, likely to to have been caused by a kick. A verdict was returned to the effect that the deceased died from injuries to the intestines, received during a row with Mahony. Mahony has been arrested and lodged in Fermoy bridewell.

An inquest was held in Kilrush recently on the body of a navvy, named Michael Murphy, who met with a fatal accident on the works of the South Clare railway at Blackweir bridge. The evidence showed that deceased had been endeavoring to get into a wagon in motion. He fell between the wagon and an embankment, and was dragged along the line for a considerable distance. Dr. Counihan stated that Murphy died from internal injuries, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect, with a rider recommending the family of the deceased to the consideration of the company.

On August 30, a woman named Maria Carr was treated at Jervis street hospital, Dublin, by Mr. Cavanagh, resident. She was passing through a laneway at the rear of Henry street, where a carter was delivering goods. While the woman was going along the footway, the vehicle struck her, and inflicted some severe wounds on her forehead and face, tearing away the muscles and injuring the frontal and molar bones. Dr. Conway Dwyer was sent for, and he put the bones in position and stitched up the wounds. The woman had an infant in her arms, and it fortunately escaped without a scratch. She remained in the hospital.

An old man named John Adams, a caretaker in the employment of Mr. Andrews, fish and tripe dealer, Belfast, met his death recently under singular circumstances. Deceased, who was between 60 and 70 years of age, had been for some time past caring a house four miles from Newtown for Mr. Andrews, who has some property at Cunningburn, county Down. August 30 he attended his religious duties as usual. Not having returned home to his dinner, a search was instituted for him, but with no result. However, at about twenty minutes past five o'clock next morning, a fisherman named George Armour observed an object floating in a flat hole, and on going towards it recognized the body of the deceased, with his face downwards, and a heavy stone tied around his neck. A report of the matter having been made at Newtown, Mr. E. H. Winder, D. I., accompanied by Head Constable David Smyth, Sergeant Edward Finnegan, and a force of police, proceeded to the scene. An inquest was held next evening by Dr. R. C. Burke, J. P., and a respectable jury. A verdict of death from drowning was returned.

On August 31, Mrs. Condron, of Usher's Island, was brought to St. Vincent's hospital, Dublin, in an unconscious condition. She had formed one of an excursion party who were driving to Rathdrum railway station, when the car on which she was sitting collided with another vehicle, and she was thrown off with her infant in her arms. Dr. Hickey, who received the patient, found that she was chiefly suffering from shock and an injury to the spine or brain. She was detained as a patient under the care of Dr. McArdle.

A gentleman named Turbitt, carrying on business in Regent street, Liverpool, as an emigrant agent, was, with his sister, on a visit to friends in Tyghaney, near Ballygawley. He took a walk one evening recently, and on returning at night he fell into a quarry, where his body was discovered next morning. An inquest was held by Mr. John G. R. Porter, coroner, Omagh, and a verdict in accordance with the evidence returned.

A series of accidents occurred in Fermoy on August 31. A carpenter named Quan fell off a scaffold of a new building, a height of 10 feet, sustaining a terrible fracture of the skull from the centre to forehead. A little child named Herbert fell on Barrack hill, breaking its thigh, and a woman named Moffatt fell on Cork hill, smashing her ankle joint.

A carpenter named John Redden was admitted to Barrington's hospital, Limerick, on August 25, suffering from a broken leg, caused by falling from a ladder while working at Messrs. Shaw's factory. Under the careful treatment of Dr. Riordan he is progressing favorably.

The apartments for the accommodation of the man Evans, who is afflicted with leprosy, have been completed in the work house at Lisburn, but the invalid still refuses to avail himself of the provisions made for him by the guardians. At the weekly meeting of the board, recently, Relieving Officer Shaw stated that in accordance with the instructions of the board, the out door relief furnished to Evans had been stopped.

On September 1, at Tramore, a wealthy old gentleman named Pierce English committed suicide in the most determined manner. He retired to bed at ten o'clock, and an hour and a half later called on an attendant who slept in the room, to go down stairs and make a cup of tea. While his directions were being carried out, a loud report was heard. The servants ran up stairs, and on entering the room saw their master hacking his throat with a razor in a horrible fashion. A lad ran out and proceeded to the police barracks to report the occurrence. Without a moments delay the police went to the house only to find that the unfortunate man had succumbed to his self inflicted wounds.

ANSWER TO AN ATHEIST.

[*To the Editor.*]

I found the enclosed poem in the old journal where I found "The Maniac Widow," reproduced in your journal a week ago. It was written by a gentleman named Furlong, a native of Wexford. He died while yet a young man, a few years after the passing of Catholic emancipation. There were atheists and scoffers then as now, and as Furlong mingled a great deal with commercial life in Liverpool, we may well imagine how the tender and generous heart recoiled from the cold, sickening materialistic characters he was obliged to meet. It is a sad reflection that, in the closing decade of a century which we boastfully call enlightened, we stand face to face with the worst form of unbelief that the world has ever seen. The poem of the kind Irish poet is a gentle and fitting answer to that awful blast of infidelity which is sweeping over this fair land, and, like the red simoom of the Sahara, destroys with its infernal breath. T. J. F.

Oh! if the atheist's words were true,
That those we wish to save
Sink, and in sinking from our view
Are lost beyond the grave.
If this were life, how dark, how drear
Would this bewildered earth appear—
Scarce worth the life it gave!

Blest be that strain of high belief,
More heavenlike, more sublime,
Which says that souls that part in grief,
Part only for a time;
That far beyond this sphere of pain,
Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,
Their spreads a brighter clime;
Where troubles, toils and cares be o'er,
Friends meet, and meeting part no more.

How I Made My Start.

You must have lots of boy readers who would like to hear of my experience and how I started in business. I am 14 years old, and my father is dead and my mother is an invalid, so I had to leave school and earn some money. I saw in your paper the experience of William Evans, and how he made money plating knives, forks and spoons, and I thought I would try the plating business, so I sent to H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and got a $5 Lightning Plater. It came by express and is a beautiful machine. In one week I did $18 worth of work and last week I was sick and only made $11. The price received for plating is nearly all profit and the work is very nice. Every person has gold, silver or nickel plating to do and I hope to start a little store soon. If any of your boy readers will benefit by my experience in starting in business I shall be very glad. JAMES ANDERSON.

Bishop Hennessy's Jubilee.

The silver jubilee in honor of Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, D. D., bishop of Dubuque, Iowa, will be celebrated at Dubuque on the 30th of September. The musical programme will be a very elaborate one, and will be rendered by a well known quartette of singers from Chicago, Mrs. Anna Doty, soprano; Miss Alice Coffey, contralto; Mr. Augustin Dasso, tenor; Mr. Carl Bernhard, basso; Mrs. M. J. Hay, organist and director. There will be an orchestra of forty instruments, and a chorus of eighty voices. The following is the programme: "Processional March of the Prophets," Meyebeer; "Te Deum Laudamus," Lumbiotte; Hayda's Imperial Third Mass, "Veni Creator," tenor solo and quartette; offertory, "Ti Prego O' Padre," Nicolao; Hallelujah Chorus by Handel.

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William Fogarty has returned from a pleasant trip to Niagara and the eastern summer resorts. He looks as well, and as gay, as a bridegroom.

Mrs. Annie Healy, of Detroit, is visiting Mr. and Mrs David Sullivan at their residence in this city.

Among the distinguished Irish-Americans of the West who have been in the city during the week, are Colonel Luke Murrin, of Cheyenne, Wyo., and Capt. John D. McCarthy, of Denver, Colo. Col. Murrin and Capt. McCarthy have innumerable friends in Chicago, and their stay has been plessant accordingly.

A Worthy Entertainment.

The Sheridan (North Side) Club will give a ball and reception, for the benefit of one of its oldest and most deserving members, at Cline's Hall, southeast corner of Huron and Wells streets, on Saturday evening, Oct. 10. As the object of the entertainment is a most worthy one, it is hoped that the attendance will be very large. Tickets, admitting lady and gentleman, are fifty cents.

The finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on the tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens will be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had. Full information furnished free. Address GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

FRENEY—Aug. 23, at No. 123 Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Michael Joseph, second eldest son of the late Inspector Freney.

BRUCE—Aug. 31, at Monmore cottage, Parsonstown, George Bruce, aged 70 years.

CARROLL—At No. 15 Winetavern street, Dublin, Simon Carroll.

CARR—Aug. 31, at Kilmurry, county Wicklow, Thomas Carr.

HARE—Aug. 31, at Longford, John Hare, at an advanced age.

LEDLIE—Aug 31, at Endsleigh, Cork, James Crawford Ledlie.

COMERFORD—Aug. 30, at No 37 Glanbrassil street, Dundalk, Sarah, widow of the late Patrick Comerford, aged 77 years.

CRANNY—Aug. 29, at No. 6 St. Mary's avenue, Dublin, Patrick Cranny.

HALLISSEY—Aug. 28 at Donoughmore, Co. Cork, Michael Hallissey.

MEGANN—At No 21 George's quay, Dublin, James Megann.

BOWEN—Aug. 30, Bridgid Agnes, wife of Ralph Bowen, Brownstown, Curragh camp, and daughter of Patrick Darby, Kilcullen.

FOX—Aug. 31, at Spencer Arms Hotel, Drumree, Mary Teresa, wife of James Fox, aged 57 years.

GEOGHEGAN—Aug 31, at Athlone, the Rev. James Geoghegan, P.P., Irumard, Arva.

LAVERY—Aug. 29, at English street, Armagh, Surgeon-Major Lavery, J. P.

RYAN—Aug. 30, at Ramsgate, Alice, widow of the late John Ryan, of Scarteen, county Limerick, aged 78 years.

ROANTREE—Sept. 1, at Forthill House, Sligo, Eliza Josephine, wife of D. J. Roantree

LOUISIANA VETERANS.

Personal Notes of Delegates to the Convention.

At 7:30 this evening the delegates of the various camps of United Confederate Veterans will assemble at Memorial Hall to elect a major general to command the Louisiana Division for the ensuing year. The rumored candidates are the incumbent (who has served but the third of a full term) Maj.-Gen. W. J. Behan, of the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. John Glynn, Jr., Army of Tennessee, Col. J. P. Richardson, Washington Artillery, and Col. Geo. Moorman, of the cavalry. There may be however, some "dark horses" from the country.

SKETCHES OF COMRADES.

Below will be found such personal notes concerning delegates as the *Item* reporters have been able to pick up a number who promised memoranda not having sent it in, and others not being found:

COL. B. F. ESHLEMAN,

the present chief of the veteran corps, Washington Artillery Camp, went out with the famous battalion in 1861 as captain of the fourth company. He was the first officer wounded at the battle of Bull Run. After serving gallantly in several engagements he was promoted to majorship of the battalion, and was in command at the surrender at Appomattox.

PAUL CONRAD.

A true representative of "le vieux temps" is found in Paul Conrad, a delegate from Camp Henry, St. Paul. He is a purely typical Louisianian With an ancestry as old as the country, he combines in himself every essential feature of the old time Creole, with the progressive characteristics of the present age.

Born in this city on Dec 31, 1840, of native parentage, he, with many whose names will ever live in the history of the state, attended the public school of this city.

At an early age the death of his father left him to buffet the world with but little help, save the encouraging and wise counsels of a brave mother, and determined his early embarkation in the varying and stern actualities of life.

He began a commercial career when barely fifteen years of age in the wholesale grocery business and afterwards engaged in the cotton business.

The war breaking out when he was about 20 years of age, he joined the Chasseurs a Pied, one of the first commands to leave this city for the then seat of war, Pensacola, in April, 1861.

His career as a soldier was conspicuous for his personal daring and bravery; not unmixed with a fair share of romance, and paying the penalty of his venturesome spirit, he was three times badly wounded, once in front of Richmond, at the battle of Frazier Farm June 30, 1 61, where he was appointed color-bearer of his battalion on the field by the colonel commanding. The flag thus entrusted to him, which he carried to the end of the war is the same battle-flag which was presented to St. Paul's Battalion by Gen. Longstreet to commemorate their desperate charge at Seven Pines, and which was, after the surrender at Appomattox, taken to a place of safety in Richmond

About 1879 a meeting of the veterans of the old command delegated Mr. Conrad to go to Richmond and secure the battered war emblem, which he did, and after reporting to his old comrades in arms, he delivered the flag into the custody of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, which has unfurled it in Memorial Hall, where it now hangs, a silent and eloquent reminder of those troublous times which brought it into existence.

At Sharpsburg (or Antietam), Sept. 19, 1861, he was a second time wounded and fell into the hands of the Federals After being exchanged, and before thoroughly recuperated from his disabling wounds, we find him again in the field of active duty with his command in and about the historical Blackwater, Southampton county, Virginia, and at the battle of Bellefield he was again wounded.

Surrendering with the last forlorn hope, after four years and several months of actual active service he resumed his duties of citizenship to his native State, relapsing into those peaceful pursuits in which he could serve his people most beneficially. In 1867 he was elected assistant secretary of the finance committee of the city council, where his intelligent administration of the office soon promoted him to the secretaryship.

With varying successes to himself financially, he thereafter engaged in various commercial enterprises; until of late years, he acquired a home in the town of Waveland, adjoining Bay St. Louis, Miss., where his progressive spirit and enlightened enterprise were soon recognized and he was elected, and is still serving as a councilman of that corporation. His suggestions of progress were soon adopted by his new constituents and sometime ago he was called upon to serve as president of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, which is now affording such material comforts to the denizens of that lively little town.

Many years ago he accepted a subaltern position with the Louisiana Company, where his ability was soon recognized, and his promotion to the internal direction of its office affairs gradually followed, and which, upon the death of its late president Dr. M. A. Dauphin, culminated in his being chosen president of that institution.

He is also a director in the Cherokee Iron Manufacturing Company of Rusk, Texas, which has sought the benefit of his advice and experience, and altogether he finds his time well taken up with the administration of the affairs of others.

Yet with his multifarious duties he remains what he ever was, a true and loyal friend and safe adviser, one upon whom none who know him, ever hesitate to entrust their most secret confidences.

His peculiar attributes are his unswerving devotion to duty, his undeviating punctuality, and his loyalty to any cause he may espouse.—*New Orleans (La.) City Item, May 30.*

A TENDER HEART.

I met an old and withered man,
With beard as white as snow;
Adown his cheeks the tear drops ran,
Feeble his step and slow.
So thin his face, so starved his mien,
I offered him a crust,
Never such famine had I seen
As made his cheeks like dust.

"I beg you eat a bit of this,"
I said in pleading tones,
"So small a piece I shall not miss,
And you are naught but bones."
"I cannot taste," he said, "of bread
That has been raised with leaven,
Since they cut off Queen Mary's head
In Fifteen eighty-seven."

"At least," I urged, "an oyster take,
'Twill easily digest;
Of this a frugal meal to make
Surely were for the best."
"To offer oysters is in vain;
I cannot eat them more,
Through grief that Cæsar should be slain
In B. C. 'Forty-four."

"Old man," I cried, "at least be moved
A cup of tea to taste,
Often its virtues have been proved
When strength has run to waste."
"No more I comfort take," he saith,
"In mild, inspiring tea,
Since I was told Elizabeth
Died Sixteen hundred three."

I heaved a sigh, I wiped a tear,
I took him by the hand.
"You need some wine," I urged, in fear
That he was quite unmanned.
"You do not know, alas!" moaned he,
"I cannot taste of wine,
For Catherine de Medici
Died Fifteen eighty-nine."

Desperate, I tried one viand else:
"There is ice cream," I said;
"It nourishes as well as melts,
And cannot harm the dead."
"I cannot eat ice cream," he sighed,
"For in my throat it sticks
Since I have learned Columbus died
In Fifteen hundred six."

"My heart so tender is," he said,
"It quivers through and through
To think Mohammed should be dead
Six hundred thirty-two.
Then Shakespeare died Sixteen sixteen;
Mæcenas Eight B. C.;
And since these figures I have seen,
What's eating now to me?"

I left him then and went my way,
Weeping and moaning much,
It really did no good to stay,
Though he my heart did touch.
But as I munch my buttered toast
Or eat cold mutton stew,
His image haunts me like a ghost
Making his sad adieu!
—Arlo Bates in Youth's Companion.

A REFUGEE'S STORY.

Hank Owings had in war times been a Union refugee.

I was on his circuit, and had gone to his home for the night, where, after the supper things had been put away, he told his story of the days when that part of the country was common forage ground for all the outlaws and guerrillas of East Tennessee.

"East Tennessee was Union, and mostly mountains. There weren't many slaveholders hereabouts, so the folks didn't care to fight, and kept out of it as best they could.

"I had just turned nineteen, and was a strapping fellow, tall like I am now—I hain't shortened up much," with a soft laugh.

"Father and I had started for the cornfield, just around that knoll over there in the meadow, when a troop of guerrillas rode down the road to a halt in the old door yard. They wanted to know where the men folks were, when they'd be back, how many boys belonged to the place, how old they were, and all that. Then, with most of the poultry stowed in their saddlebags, they rode away laughing, saying as how they'd be back after the boys some day.

"After that it was settled I'd better get to Nashville than be conscripted by the rebs. I reck'n there were a dozen boys that were Union in the neighborhood. We had agreed upon the night, for all there weren't one of us who had been any way from home, but we got a map from one of our old school books, and, after studying it a bit, 'lowed we could get there.

"The old church at the mouth of the Post Oak road was the rendezvous. When the night came around the boys were on the ground and impatient to be off. Crossing the valley single file we crept up the side of Walden Ridge, to throw ourselves on the grass at its top just at the edge of Lookout Rook. With one long, lingering look we plunged into the wilderness that makes the great Cumberland plateau, and that covers a third almost of the state of Tennessee.

"A wild, mountainous region now, it was wilder then, and whichever way one might turn might be into a guerrilla camp or against one of their pickets.

"The third night out we struck Daddy's creek. The trail westward, descending sharply into a deep ravine, brought us to a broad, shallow stream. There was an opening in the woods so we could see the sharp roof of a building against the sky. Along the edge of this stream was a jungle of laurel, into which the boys crept, while I went forward to reconnoiter. Keeping in the shadow of the laurels I forded the creek to find myself beside a broad, level stretch of highway. The fresh hoof marks in it startled me, and made me more careful in my movements. The building was an old deserted sawmill. There were holes in its roof through which the moon shone, which, by the way, was in its second quarter. I approached the mill over the logs which once supported its clumsy flume. Nearer and nearer I crept, feeling each piece of timber that was likely to feel a pound of my weight——

"'Crack'——

"'Who goes there?'

"I had barely time to drop among the foundations of the flume when the figure of a man was dimly outlined in the gable of the mill. Standing there some time he afterward withdrew, reluctantly, it seemed to me, into the deeper shadow, yet I felt his eye was still on the broken flume.

"I peered over the log, and in the gable again stood the gray, ghostly vision I had before seen. It was motionless, yet I dared not move, for I saw the glint of a rifle against the black background.

"It was a sentry—a guerrilla no doubt.

"There was little chance of getting out of those logs without discovery, with the sentry within pistol shot. How long I lay there I do not know. It must have been an hour. It seemed much longer. Across the creek came the cry of a night hawk. It was our signal—one for danger, two for safety. I heard it but once; then there was a tramp of horses' feet, a grinding of heavy hoofs in the gravel, as if on a descending road, a splash in the stream, a spurt along the road and a halt at the old mill. There must have been a half dozen troopers in the party.

"We were inside their lines, for these horsemen came from the same direction as ourselves.

"'Sam! Sam!' in a low, penetrating voice.

"They were about to change the sentry.

"The man in the gable had disappeared.

"I leaped noiselessly from my hiding place into the deeper shadows under the mill. I heard the cry of the night hawk again. I could not answer. The night was a perfect one. I could distinguish the low tones of their conversation, which was carried on in the mill above. It was concerning the noise in the old flume. There was a general dismount. The tramp of feet and the rattle of spurs toward the open gable were easily distinguished. One got down upon the rotten timbers and crept out into the moonlight.

"'Ther's nobuddy out hyar,' I heard him say in a low voice.

"'Must hev been some so't uv'r critter—couldn't hev been a man.'

"'Mebbe,' was the equally low reply, 'but, Pete, keep a sha'p eye out for the boys from Post Oak—they'll be like to come out hyar.'

"Pete was the new guard.

"'How many be they?'

"'I low ther's mo'n a dozen. Ol' Ow'n's boys s'long 'n 'em.'

"'How 'd yer git thet?'

"'I he'rd 'e—they lit out two nights ago. They hain't fur off.'

"The cry of the night hawk came again.

"'What's that?' asked a new voice.

"'Thet—thet's a night hawk.'

"'Though; mebbe 't mought be a signal, 'r suthin—they're durned thick 'round hyar, seems t' me.'

"A boy, only, my heart came into my mouth, to fill it completely. I wondered who had played the spy.

"Nothing more was said. The exchange of sentries made, the guerrillas recrossed the stream and rode up the hill into the thick woods.

"A spell of weird silence followed. I could see quite plainly the big timbers here and there. A bit away a square shaft of light dropped through the opening in the floor where the saw frame played up and down.

"I crept stealthily toward the old frame, which was still in its place. I heard the sentry just above. Then I saw the shadow of his broad felt hat on the timbers in the wheelpit, as if its owner were trying to solve the secret of its darkness.

"If the fellow would only go to sleep, I thought; but, instead, he began a monotonous patrol up and down the floor of the old mill. I could easily locate him, for his tread was heavy. He evidently felt a deal of curiosity in the old flume, for once at that end of the mill he would remain there quietly for minutes, doubtless filled with that nameless sense that betrays the nearness of humanity oftentimes without revealing it. I have no doubt he felt uneasy, and rightly, for my every sense was so alert, and my mental determination so complete, that this particular individual must be disposed of in some way. So intense were my feelings, and so predominant my mental action, I found myself wondering if I had not made my thoughts audible.

"The sentry again began passing, slowly but steadily, across the plank floor above. His footsteps, with the swash and ripple of the stream against the laurel bushes, were the only sounds, unless now and then I caught the cry of the night hawk and always from the same direction.

"I kept note of the time by the moon, and I remember I set it about two hours after midnight.

"In that time the untutored boy had matured into the daring man. I started forward upon the narrow saw frame, and just at that moment got the greatest fright of my life.

"I felt the touch of an invisible hand, and just then a feather blow would have sent me into the water.

"'Hank!'

"I knew the voice.

"'Hank!'

"'Yes.'

"'Guerrillas!'

"The sentry stopped just above. Looking across the opening I saw him, and with the moonlight at his back he seemed a huge fellow. He carried his rifle on his shoulder, and I could see the sheath of a big knife in his belt along with the butt of a 'navy.'

"He started on his patrol.

"'Hank, we must kill that fellow.'

"I had not thought of that. I said, briefly, 'Go back. Bring the boys over here at once'——

"The sentry was returning. I waited for him to get to the end of his beat.

"'The slightest noise will betray us—they know we are in the woods—they are watching for us'——

"The sentry was again in the open gable.

"'Bring the boys across the ford, in the shadow—there may be a scrimmage. Signal back across the ford.'

"After that I waited for the signal.

"It came. The footfall of the sentry stopped suddenly, as if he had noted the cry.

"I crept out upon the old saw frame. I could see well enough, I had been so long in obscurity. Feeling my way along the timbers I found one that was notched, as if it had been some time used as a ladder. Climbing to the level of the floor above I looked out under the low eves at the sky. It was clear. There were no clouds to throw their shadows about me.

"The guard still paced up and down.

"At last, hidden behind the huge post I had ascended, I could survey at will the entire interior. The sentry kept to his patrolling. I could have touched him as he passed, half asleep, his shaggy chin almost touching his broad chest.

"I had to do everything so slowly, but I somehow felt the man was in my power.

"My plans were complete. No trace of the sentry must be left. His comrades might think he had deserted them, but no more.

"At last the fellow stopped, leaning his rifle against the post that concealed me. He fumbled his pocket for his tobacco.

"'Pete!' I whispered.

"He turned like a mountain cat to meet a swift, unerring blow. Before he could move he was gagged and disarmed.

"With the cry of the night hawk among the rafters, a swift rush of feet and the boys had gathered about us.

"'What yer goin 't do with 'im, Hank?'

"'Make him show us the way out of this hornet's nest.'

"'Where's your camp, stranger?' I asked.

"The guerrilla pointed directly opposite the way the troopers came to relieve the guard.

"I drew the back of his bowie knife across his bare throat as a warning, if he did not tell the truth.

"'We are the Post Oak boys, and you are going with us a bit. I reck'n you'll show us the way—or the buzzards 'll find a good breakfast in the morning. Where's your camp, stranger?' a second time.

"He saw as little mercy in my face as in the cold gleam of his ugly weapon.

"He nodded the way the guerrillas went.

"'Nashville, is it?'

"'Down the road?' I interpreted his look in that direction.

"'Any sentries down there?'

"He nodded a second time.

"'Well, go ahead. If you get us into trouble'——

"He shrunk from the touch of the cold knife with a shiver.

"Then we began our tramp, the path growing narrower and the shadows deeper.

"Suddenly the guerrilla stopped.

"I removed the gag.

"'Ther' mought be a picket hyarbouts, cap'n.'

"'What's your countersign?'

"'Post Oak,' was the answer.

"Down the road I went with the lad who found me under the old mill, silently, to come into an opening in the woods, flooded with the clear, white moonlight. At its farther edge, in the deeper shadow, stood the motionless picket.

"We had agreed there should be no noise, no shooting.

"Then we stepped out to meet the challenge.

"'Yer all right, I reckin,' the guerrilla replied familiarly as we gave the countersign.

"The butt of his rifle dropped to the ground.

"'Got a chew, stranger?' I asked.

"'I reck'n,' reaching deep down into his trousers pocket for his tobacco plug.

"Then came the struggle. I seemed to feel all the ferocity of a wild animal. I had his throat in both my hands. Not was my comrade idle. Part of the time I was in the air, then my feet would touch the ground, but I kept my grip on his throat. Somehow he had loosened Pete's revolver from my belt—it was in my face—I heard the click of the hammer—its sharp blow on the capped nipple.

"There was no report—no smoke.

"Then I saw the shadow of a falling riflestock, and the guerrilla fell away from me dead.

"'Had to do 't, Hank,' my comrade said apologetically. 'He's jest fit for buzzard meat, helping himself to the weapons of the prostrate sentry. 'Spose we'll hev to tote 'im along?'

"I repeated the signal twice, and a moment later the boys came up with us.

"Before dawn we had forded Daddy's creek for the last time, where the buzzards found a table ready laid for them at daybreak, for we had no time to waste on the dead picket. Two weeks later we reached Nashville without further incident with Pete a prisoner of war, our first but not last capture."—H. M. Sylvester in St. Louis Republic.

A Woman's War Record.

Mrs. Lucy Wood, of Barre, Vt., is the oldest member of the Women's Relief corps to date. Mrs. Wood is now over 105 years of age, she having been born at Jaffrey, N. H., Jan. 16, 1786. She was initiated into R. B. Crandall corps, May 28, 1891. Her father fought in the Revolutionary war. Her husband was a soldier in the war of 1812, for which she has just been granted a pension. She had one son and several grandsons in the civil war, and she has eighteen great-grandchildren. She is a very busy, cheerful old lady, with an encouraging word for everybody.

She is unable to find any glasses "old enough for her," but is busy making holders of pieces of print and flannel, which she sells to all who wish to buy. She is cared for by a daughter, Sophia Wood, who is seventy years of age, and who also will join Crandall corps. Lucy Wood has been appointed department aid by C. A. H. Thompson, department president.—National Tribune.

No Milk for Cats.

A man called at a grocery and bought some milk, and while the portly hostess was pouring it out he happened to mention that he wanted it for a favorite cat. "What!" exclaimed the woman, with indignation in her red face, "do you suppose I keep milk to sell for cats to drink? I rather guess not!" and she poured it back, saying, "I rather guess I haven't got down quite so low as that yet!" And so the man was obliged to go without the milk and wait till the woman got a little lower and dignity was a little cheaper.—New York Ledger.

Every Day Is Sunday.

The Greeks observe Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Asayrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Jews Saturday and the Christians Sunday, thus there is a perpetual Sabbath being celebrated on earth.—Baltimore American.

BIRTH OF A RAILROAD.

HOW THE CHIEF LINE OF THE EMPIRE STATE WAS STARTED.

From Schenectady to Albany—How People Were Educated Up to the Idea of a Railroad and How the Idea Grew—A Ride on the First Horse Railway.

The railroads play so important a part in the comedy or tragedy of human life, that it is somewhat difficult to realize that they have only existed in the United States since 1831. For several years before that time, however, the newspapers had discussed the subject of railroads, and in 1812 Mr. Stevens, of Hoboken, had advocated their construction, but nothing practical had been done until then.

In the Utica Sentinel and Gazette of Aug. 23, 1825, appeared a letter signed "Improvement," in which the writer said, "I intend to show the probable expense of a single edged railroad constructed for horse power from this village to Albany, with conveniences for passing teams."

The writer then treats of railroads historically, and estimates that the cost of a single track road from Utica to Schenectady would be about $3,350 per mile. He also declares that the whole road could be constructed for $500,000. After various attempts and failures the first railroad, called the Mohawk and Hudson, between Albany and Schenectady was constructed and opened for traffic in 1831.

All the newspapers of the time had much to say of the new wonder. The American Railroad Journal of Sept. 15, 1832, said: "The Mohawk and Hudson railroad connects the city of Albany with Schenectady. The length is fifteen miles and sixty-nine chains. The delay and embarrassment resulting from the numerous locks and very circuitous course of the great Erie canal between these towns (a canal which is, moreover, navigable only 220 days in the year, even when no accidents occur), induced a company to obtain an act of incorporation for the purpose of forming a railroad to supersede the grand canal within one year from the completion of that far famed enterprise. The work was commenced on Aug. 12, 1830, by the Hon. C. C. Cambreleng. Four hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred and fifteen dollars and forty-six cents have been and $126,693 will be expended in completing the work, according to the official report made to the legislature of New York in January, 1832."

GOVERNOR SEWARD'S FIRST RIDE.

Governor Seward rode over the infant road soon after its completion and described his trip in this way: "We arrived at Schenectady at 3 this morning and immediately were carried in post coaches, a distance of a mile and a half, to the present termination of the railway. There were in waiting three large cars, which the passengers entered. These cars differ not much as to the construction of the body from stage coaches, except that they are about one-third larger and have seats upon the top.

"The body is set upon very short springs, which cause but little elasticity of motion. The fore and hind wheels are equal in size, made of iron, and are about two and a half feet in diameter. They have rims four and a half inches wide, with a projection on the side next the carriage which serves to keep the cars secure upon the rails, not suffering the wheels to vary from the track. The car is divided into two parts by a high though not entire partition in the center, the door admitting into the forward compartment being on one side of the carriage and that admitting into the other on the other side. In each of these compartments were six passengers. On the top was the driver's seat and one other, each holding three persons, so that the car carried eighteen passengers, with all their enormous bulk of baggage.

TWELVE MILES AN HOUR.

"Having mounted our vehicle, a fine, large gray horse was attached to it by shafts, exactly like those of a one horse wagon. 'Ready!' said the stage man; the driver whistled to the gray; away went the car through hills and over valleys. Before we had done looking at our novel vehicle the car was stopped to water the horse under a bridge, and on inquiring we found we had come four miles in less than twenty minutes. The horse drank, and away we went two miles farther, and then a fresh steed was immediately put in place of our gray. I mounted the top of the car, and, standing up there, looking over upon the mountains beyond the river, was driven in forty minutes more to the present termination of the railroad, thus accomplishing the journey of twelve miles in eighty minutes, including stoppings."

In brief, this was the beginning not only of the New York Central, but of the great railway systems of the country.—New York Recorder.

That Cute Cabman.

A cabman appeared before a magistrate to obtain a summons under the following circumstances. He had been engaged to drive a lady and a gentleman, and after the lady had been set down at her house had driven her companion some distance farther. On being asked his fare he told his passenger that it was five shillings and sixpence.

"Make it six shillings," was the genial answer, and then that person pressed three coins into the cabman's hand and hastily fled.

Unfortunately, the coins were pennies, and not florins, and the cabman, failing to overtake his generous client, was left to reflect upon the deceitfulness of mankind. His reflections seem to have led him to a remarkable conclusion. He drove straight back to the house where he had left the lady, represented to her that her companion had largely overpaid him, and begged for his name and address in order that he might rectify the mistake and repay the money. The name and address were promptly given, and the cabman was able to obtain his summons.—London Tit-Bits.

Summary Execution.

A despotic government has its advantages, and among them is the easy collection of a debt, provided the ruler is friendly to the creditor. Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, a Turkish statesman, was once governor of Broussa, and this story is told of his paternal rule:

A rich man had judgment pronounced against him in favor of a poor man. The latter, owing to the bribes of the rich man, could not obtain execution, and complained to Ahmed Vefyk. After hearing the case, Ahmed saw the debtor riding up to the Konak upon a beautiful Arab horse. He ordered the creditor to sit down, called a messenger and whispered to him.

The debtor entered the room, and was surprised at the exceptional cordiality of the pasha, who invited him to sit down, to take coffee and to converse. Presently, when he rose to leave, the pasha pressed him to remain, and kept him more than an hour, until, indeed, a messenger entered the room and placed a small bag on the table before Ahmed.

When the debtor next rose, Ahmed took the bag from the table and gave it to him, stating: "This is yours. You owed so much to this poor man, I have sold your horse, paid him, and this is the balance belonging to you."—Youth's Companion.

Turning Water Into Empty Hot Boilers.

Some time ago a boiler was constructed in Manchester, England, with a view to testing the practice advised by some in case of shortness of water being discovered, of turning on the feed water, a somewhat startling method of procedure according to some. In these tests the furnaces were bared of water by opening the blowoff cock and allowing the water to escape while good bright fires were burning, which could not fail to overheat the plates.

When sufficiently heated to melt disks of lead, tin and zinc the feed was suddenly turned on through special pipes which injected the water directly on to the heated plates, but in no case, as is often assumed, was this followed by a sudden generation of steam at an excessive pressure, but in one case actually a reduction of pressure took place. The only mishap which took place proved, it seems, to have been due to the feed not having been turned on soon enough.

Again, the hogging upward of the flue tubes, which was accurately ascertained by means of rods, was in some cases found to be as much as one-half inch. The inadvisability of hurrying fires when raising steam was demonstrated as beyond question.—New York Sun.

Effect of Erosion on Mountains.

Foremost in their geographic importance, and in the intricacy and significance of their geologic structure and origin, are the mountain belts which consist of folded rock formations. The strata forming the upper part of the earth's crust are bent up and down in long, nearly straight or curving, wave-like ridges and troughs, and where their disturbance was greatest the successive ridged folds are closely pressed together. The waves of the rock structure are then pushed to such steepness that their sides become parallel with each other, and the entire fold is driven forward into an inclined position.

The order of the strata on the lower side of the appressed fold is thus inverted; the originally highest and last formed deposits there lie beneath older beds, in an overturned series. Subaerial erosion then wears down the undulations and the crests of the closely folded strata, often planing them off until a long section, crossing mountain ranges, passes from older to newer beds, and onward from newer to older, in several alternations, having throughout the whole a nearly constant steep dip.—Warren Upham in Popular Science Monthly.

The Income from Irving's Works.

Washington Irving was one of the kindliest of men and one of the most modest and least self asserting of authors. It is evident from Murray's memoirs, however, that Irving was led (apparently, according to his own "Letters," by the counsel of overzealous friends) to place too high an estimate upon the commercial value of some of the earlier of his writings, and that Murray, having overpersuaded himself to accept the author's estimate, became a heavy loser by the publication of some of Irving's most famous books. Irving's later arrangement with his American publisher, the late G. P. Putnam, under which the publisher, in place of speculation in the volumes by paying at guesswork advance prices for the copyrights, paid a royalty on the copies actually sold, proved much more satisfactory for both author and publisher and produced for the author and his heirs a substantial income extending over thirty years.—George H. Putnam in Forum.

She Hadn't Made Up Her Mind.

Rev. Dr. Fay was summoned to the door one night by a woman, who announced that she had come to be married. She was invited into the parlor and two men entered with her, one seating himself on either side of her. When the minister approached to perform the marriage service he inquired, "Which is the groom?"

"Well," replied the bride, "I haven't decided yet. I thought I wouldn't till they both stood up."

The shocked and astonished clergyman refused to proceed with the service, and his callers went elsewhere.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Good Man Gone Wrong.

"Smithers used to be a good novelist before his baby was born."

"How did that affect his work?"

"His style was ruined by the books he had to read the youngster. His last novel began: 'What is this? This is our hero. Is he a blond? Yes, he is a blond, and his name is William Wilkins.' I do not think William Wilkins is a pretty name; do you? You do? Well, so did Maud Brompton. See the house with the green shutters. That is where Maud Brompton lives with her aunt. Have you an aunt?'"

"What a shame!"—Harper's.

LEGITIMATE MINING.

It Is Now Hand in Hand with Other Wealth Producing Industries.

The general public east of the Missouri river has a very faint and indefinite knowledge of the extent to which legitimate mining is carried on in the territories west of the Rocky mountains and on the Pacific coast. Few people stop to consider or think where the gold and silver they handle come from. It may be a crop sown somewhere for all many of them know. These are the ignorant, unthinking class, of course, but there is another more intelligent, not having the excuse of ignorance, which loses no opportunity of railing against mining. Even while handling the product of the business and experiencing its benefits, they not only decry mining, but do their best to discredit all who are engaged in the pursuit.

This prejudice has grown out of losses sustained by hasty, ill advised investments, taking the statements of irresponsible speculators as facts without giving them the careful investigation that would be given to any ordinary business project submitted for investment. This careless, hasty method of investment naturally led to losses, as it would in case of equal neglect to give time and attention to any other schemes presented nearer home.

A want of knowledge of the business was more often the cause of the failure to realize profits than the want of merit of the property itself. A board of directors composed of men totally ignorant of the proper method of working a mine, hampering it with heavy expenses, extravagant salaries, sending out sons and relatives of the directors to take charge of the property totally unfitted, ignorant of the first principles of mining, naturally involved a waste of money, expended without judgment and resulting in debt and the ultimate abandonment of good properties that in many cases, falling into the hands of competent men, were developed into paying and profitable enterprises.

Such instances are numerous, but this one experiment seemed to prejudice the original investors against all further investments in mining properties, who were unwilling to believe that the failure of the past lay with themselves and not the properties they had owned.

The miners in the country west of the Rocky mountains are today hand in hand in prosperity with the vineyardist, the great fruit raisers and the merchants; in fact, he stands in the front rank of profitable producers, while his product is permanent in its benefits and never perishes. Every dollar he produces has a value to the world at large, and is that much added to its wealth and circulating medium in a form to be seldom affected by the change of dynasties or the downfall of governments. There is always a market and a demand for his goods.

If a capitalist contemplating an investment in mining was to give the same attention to investigation that he would in the purchase of a piece of real estate or any other investment, he would be no more liable to losses; proper care, careful investigation would enable him to invest with equal judgment.

A list of seventy-five mines shows as profits paid to the stockholders since incorporation the enormous amount of $132,000,000, besides which there are hundreds of small mines not incorporated being worked as private ventures of which product no note is taken, and to the above we may safely add $18,000,000, making a grand total of $150,000,000 as the result of "mining" investments.

It is not a bad showing. How many railroads would at present rate of profits show equal results? And it must be borne in mind that these mines are still pegging away.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Model Letter Box.

All who have suffered the annoyance of having their morning papers stolen from the front doorsteps will welcome the relief which is assured by a new form of letter box. This box is attached to the inside of the outer or street door of the store or dwelling. It is accessible from without at all hours, access to it being gained by means of a swinging door or gate, which may be made as ornamental as desired, and if necessary may have the owner's name engraved upon it and serve as a doorplate. The width of this combination doorplate and letter slot is sufficient to admit, besides letters, papers and small packages of merchandise.

The packages, by an ingenious arrangement, fall behind and below the box into a receptacle placed there for their accommodation, and the letters fall directly into the box, which a clever device guards so completely that the improper abstraction of its contents is impossible. This object is obtained by a swinging gate, which, while easily pressed in by the weight of the letters in the carrier's hands, will close tightly as soon as the hand is withdrawn.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Killed the Chickens.

A New Jersey farmer has a gun which could give a Kentucky mule lessons in kicking. When he fired it a few days ago it let drive at him and threw him in the air, landing him on his back, and incidentally breaking his shoulder. But if you were to ask that farmer if he isn't sorry now that he used such a vicious gun, the chances are ten to one that he would say no, he was glad of it. You see, a neighbor's chickens had been annoying the owner of the kicking gun by getting into his garden and playing the mischief with it. It was at these trespassing fowls that the gun was discharged, and as the gun at the same time that it sent its owner flying through the air killed all the poaching chickens, the farmer probably howled with delight, despite his fractured bones. That's human nature.—New York Tribune.

Equal to the Occasion.

Waiter—Ahem, haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Guest (who has been badly served)—Yes; but I've no further use for it. Keep it yourself.—New York Epoch.

AN EXCITING BATTLE.

In Which a Young Bull Succeeds in Vanquishing a Rhinoceros.

"Speaking of exciting combats," said Colonel Gregory, of New York, to a group of his friends here, "I witnessed one about ten years ago that beat anything I ever saw. When a mere schoolboy I was taught that the 'backleyers, as the Hottentots called their oxen, could be taught wonderful feats of skill, and became valuable assistants in war. That they would gore, kick and trample to death with incredible fury any enemy, but were perfectly friendly and a valuable protection to every member of their own kraal. Whether this is true or not I have never been able to definitely determine, but during a short sojourn in south Africa at the time I mentioned I saw what convinced me of their ferocity in fighting.

"I was in the edge of Zululand on a mission for an uncle, who was making a fortune in mercantile pursuits, and stopped for a day or two with a splendid specimen of the native, whose handsome wife and bright children made me almost forget their color. The children had a pet blackleyer—a young bull—which they called Hulo, and which they fondly believed could vanquish any beast on earth. The second night of my stay it was time of full moon, and was so warm that after my first nap I arose and went out into the beautiful night, and found my host and his eldest son, a lad of sixteen, there already. Hulo in his pen seemed very impatient, and young Omak let him out into the space in front of his father's hut. Here the graceful and spirited animal stood sniffing the air, shaking his head till his long, beautiful horns glistened in the moonlight and his bright eyes sparkled in evident anxiety.

"I was just on the point of asking what it meant when a heavy running sound approached us, and out of the forest into the open space came a magnificent looking specimen of a horrible looking brute, which I saw at a glance was a rhinoceros. I at once sprang for my gun, and my host and his son did the same, all of which took but a second. The rhinoceros still stood there, glancing from us to Hulo. We could scarcely see his disgusting little eyes, and disliked to take chances on shooting in the moonlight, for our guns were loaded with leaden bullets, and so thick are the skins of these animals that iron or tin bullets are used for hunting them. We were saved any trouble, however, for Hulo, with a bellow, gave challenge to combat.

"The rhinoceros was clumsy and dull, but nothing could withstand his assaults and it seemed as if he would never tire. He would make a rush at Hulo, and as soon as Hulo's horns would gore him in the sides and flanks he would turn and rush at him again. Finally the young bull showed signs of fatigue and changed his attack from the sides to the rear. Here he found vulnerable places on the inside of his enemy's thighs, and sent forth a bellow which plainly indicated joy. No matter how often or which way the rhinoceros would turn Hulo was behind him, tearing his legs to pieces with those keen, sharp, sword-like horns of his, while the blood ran in streams. It was impossible for the heavier brute to evade his quicker enemy, and at last, realizing this, every thrust by the victorious bull brought forth a bellow of rage and despair from the denizen of the forest, followed by a note of victory by Hulo.

"The movements of the rhinoceros became slower and slower as he was being more and more cut to pieces, and at last sitting down he tried to turn fast enough to front and ward off his active enemy. It was all to no purpose, however, and delay was only prolonging the death agony, so at a word from his father young Omak walked up and sent a bullet through its eye and it rolled over dead. I shall never forget the picture that followed. As soon as the enormous animal rolled over, the young bull sprang upon his vanquished enemy and sent forth challenge after challenge of rage, defiance and victory! Standing there with his head high in the air, and his horns covered with blood from tip to base, and his face, nostrils, chest and forelegs a solid sheet of blood and flesh, he formed a picture in the moonlight that one could never see and forget."—Galveston Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Points About Watermelons.

The finest watermelons in the world are to be found in Galveston, and are served in first-class restaurants and special cafes in place of ice cream. There it is the regular thing for young men to take their girls out for watermelon. The fruit is never sliced, but served in halves, no matter how large the melon or how small the eaters. Each of the halves are served on a platter, and the only eating utensil is a silver dessert spoon.

Salt, sugar and nutmeg are provided for the convenience of those who use seasoning. The same usage prevails in first-class restaurants in Georgia and other melon centers. Outside of these, the go-as-you-please style predominates. The leaders of fashion, or the quality, usually fix the local styles.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Why She Succeeds.

"I can't understand why she is so much cleverer than I," said a woman of another, her rival in society and her superior in tact. "Easy enough to understand," said her husband—it is only husbands who dare to say disagreeable things—"You, like other women, say to men? 'Oh, I know you,' but she leaves them with the impression that they have deceived her. That belief is so comforting to a man."—New York Recorder.

The Father of the Constitution.

It is not generally known that James Madison was called the father of the Constitution because he was the author of the resolution presented to the Virginia legislature leading to the invitation to the thirteen states to send delegates to a convention to form a more perfect Union which resulted in the meeting of the constitutional convention, in the deliberations of which Madison took part. —Chicago Tribune

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State an Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday a 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galigan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church sts Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2993 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Allport sts Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Allport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 926 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. D. Ragan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 421 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Morotti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev J. Leutte, O. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 853 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 221 N Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 190 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G G Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 N Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hixman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Walls st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 66, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seanes, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bebey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schuitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtush, C R, 941 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 1232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bitndauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellse, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Trausoht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierosi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranta, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesky, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3516 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Hamlen-st., pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 629 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec. 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

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Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 393 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eberman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 15—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

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Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Fraley. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 29—Pres, J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 227 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 o m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 33—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3809 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
JULIA ENRIGHT,
Executrix.
Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

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ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
WINIFRED SHEA,
Executrix.
Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL WHELAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Whelan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, July 30, 1891.
JANE M. WHELAN,
Executrix.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix,
Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building, 112 Clark street.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. September Term, 1891. To Timothy Foley and to All Whom It May Concern:

Take Notice that Kate Foley has filed in said Probate Court a petition, praying for the appointment of herself or some other fit and proper person as conservator of said Timothy Foley, an insane person and the hearing of said petition will take place on the first day of the September Term, A. D. 1891, on Monday, the 21st day of September A. D. 1891, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, at which time and place you are hereby notified to attend and show cause, if any you have or can show, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
Chicago, September 1, 1891.
ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for petitioner.

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ESTATE OF PETER FITZSIMMONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the statee of Peter Fitzsimmons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook county, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court Room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
MARY FITZSIMMONS,
Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHANNA SHEEHAN ALIAS Johanna Wall, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Johanna Sheehan alias Johanna Wall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.
KATIE SHEEHAN,
Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

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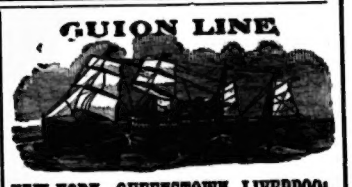

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No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail, prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25 and for hunting case $16.50, postage and registry pre paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years, and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

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